

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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POETRY.

WOODRUFFE,	450	JUNE ROSES,	450
A RISING TIDE,	450	"CREEP INTO THY NARROW BED," .	450

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

WOODRUFFE.

HOME's sacred nook, love's hallowed ground,
Where sweetest sight and softest sound
Meet watching eye and ear;
Where footsteps fall with lightest tread,
As in the chamber of the dead,
Yet fullest life is here.

She, lying on her couch of pain,
Turns lifelong loss to daily gain,
Her heart the alchemist;
From mystic heights by suffering won,
Her saintly eyes look down upon
Earth joys that she has missed.

God touched her in her cradle days,
And set her from the world's rude ways
Forevermore apart;
The tiny sprays the children pull
Of woodruffe, white and beautiful,
Are likest her sweet heart.

And well she loves the simple flower,
Though to its neighboring woodland bower,
In depth of summer grass,
O'erhung by summer's full-leaved trees,
O'erblown by summer's softest breeze,
Her feet may never pass.

And those who love her, love to find
A symbol of her stainless mind
In this white woodland flower;
So frail and small, so fair and pure,
Yet full of courage to endure
The dark and stormy hour.

Far from the highway's dust and glare
The woodruffe scents the forest air,
And lights the tender gloom;
Far from life's whirl of gain and loss,
Beneath the shadow of her cross,
She glads this quiet room.

And to her come the gay of heart,
That she may take with them her part
Of sweet love's corn and wine;
And to her come sad souls oppress,
For God hath filled her gentle breast
With sympathy divine.

Set far apart from common joys,
Yet smiling at earth's idle toys,
She waits her dread release;
The woodruffe with the summer fades,
And through life's gathering twilight shades
Will come Death's whisper, "Peace!"

All The Year Round.

A RISING TIDE.

THE west wind clears the morning,
The sea shines silver-grey;
The night was long, but fresh and strong
Awakes the breezy day;
Like smoke that flies across the lift,
The clouds are faint and thin;
And near and far, along the bar,
The tide comes creeping in.

The dreams of midnight showed me
A life of loneliness,
A stony shore, that knew no more
The bright wave's soft caress;
The morning broke, the visions fled,—
With dawn new hopes begin;
The light is sweet, and at my feet
The tide comes rolling in.

Over the bare, black boulders
The ocean sweeps and swells;
Oh, waters wide, ye come to hide
Dull stones and empty shells!
I hear the floods lift up their voice
With loud, triumphant din;
Sad dreams depart,—rest, doubting heart,
The tide comes foaming in!

Good Words.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

JUNE ROSES.

THEY tremble over the garden wall,
Laying their pure white cheeks together,
And holding a confab, great and small,
Over the drowsy weather.

They sleep, sun-touch'd, by the straggling fence,
Shrin'd in their leaves, like a wayside saint,
Great crimson drifts, where the breeze grows
dense,

And the pilgrim insects faint.

Oh, gather them in where I sit and write,
Let the floor be strewn with their fragrant
leaves;
O'er this broad, deep sill let them fall at night,
From their nest in the hanging eaves!

And my busy life will drop a care
In each deep, red heart where the light re-
poses;

O June! thy children all are fair,
But fairest are thy roses!

Argosy.

E. C. D.

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast,
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease:
Geese are swans and swans are geese,
Let them have it how they will:
Thou art tired; hush, be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee;
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged, and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
VENICE.

THERE is perhaps no town in the world of which so much has been written and said as Venice. Other cities of the world have inspired the historian and the artist even in their ashes, and possess the un-failing interest and admiration of mankind; and some still sway the minds of men with a curious domination which seems something more than the mere effect of a collection of many minds, and feels like an actual personal influence. Rome and Florence in the one case, London and Paris in the other, are great and living potencies whose power no one can contest. But Venice has something of an additional and almost more subtle charm. Her great historical importance, her power as a school of art, are not less than those of her illustrious rivals in the past; but beyond these there is a personal charm, so to speak — an enchantment which is more individual than either. It is not because she is the city of the doges, not for the sake of Bellini and Titian, not even for the devotion of that prophet whose name of Ruskino is a household word with every sacristan in the capital of San Marco; great are these attractions to the reasonable and well regulated mind, as well as to the cultured and æsthetic traveller. But there is still a class whose enthusiasm is not reasonable, to whom Venice is like a beloved woman, dear not because she is good or great, not because of her pedigree or her qualities, but for herself, which is the most subtle charm of passion. There is something in the gleam of her sea-streets, in the clear whiteness, perfected by tints of roses, in which every palace stands up between sea and sky, with a quiver of sweet reflection and an intense purity of atmosphere beyond the power of words to express, which charm the very soul of the beholder. Pictures, churches, architecture are but secondary to this charm. The Tintoretts, the Titians, the splendid Veroneses may leave the heart of the pilgrim cold; the charm of Giovanni Bellini (a greater wonder) may not move him; he may do little more than gape at the Carpaccios, even though he is assured that they are

the best pictures ever painted; and he may find Venetian churches ugly, as many of them are to eyes accustomed to Gothic grace and loveliness; but yet, if he is like the wedding guest in the "Ancient Mariner," the man to whom it is appointed, Venice will be to him something that no other place is — a presence, an influence, the most living of abstractions. That gentle old *doyen* of her lovers, the late Rawdon Brown, who came to Venice for two or three days and stayed forty years and more, declared that he never in all that time acquired the calm of custom in respect to the city of his heart. She was always new to him, as if he saw her for the first time. The mingled surprise and rapture, which is the privileged mood of youth, kept this old man always young, and startled him as with a new sensation every time he came suddenly round the corner of his little canal and big faded palace face to face with Venice. "Out of Venice I may be happy; here I am blessed," says an Italian adorer whose words are more effusive than the Englishman's. Such a feeling cannot exist without calling forth a great deal of nonsense, for rapture in all languages is apt to sound silly even to those who share it; but the sentiment is very real, even though its expression may often be foolish.

The Grand Canal flows past the windows; gondolas, sometimes with unseen loungers under the black *felse*, the dark figures of the rowers relieved against the green water, sometimes uncovered, with open-air groups, and all the pretty colors of spring toilets reflected in the rippled surface — shoot past and disappear. Now and then a clumsier *barca* laden with wood, or a black hull heavy with water, a floating tank, goes slowly by. From time to time comes pulsing along (but neither smoking nor screeching, for the devil is not so black as he is painted) the *vaporetto*, the steam-launch, most terrible of all innovations, which the Venetians love. Each moment another and another shining crest of steel, breasting the water like a swan, glides into the minute space framed by the window. No sound except the soft splash of the oars, the voices at the *traghetto*, softened by the air and

sunshine, is in the whole shining world about. Opposite, on the little paved square at the corner of a small canal, there are a stream of passing figures going and coming over the bridges, and under the two trees which unfold their big, crumpled leaves, day by day turning from brown to green; all is sunshine, quiet, tranquil movement — life abundant and bright. The conventional sentiment of sadness with which right-minded persons, who think as they are taught to think, regard Venice, is, of all things in the world, the most alien to the brightness of everything around — the dazzling of the lights upon the water, the endless succession of moving objects, the sense of enjoyment on all sides. When every ripple is like the facet of a diamond dispensing light, when not a moment passes without some novelty in the stream of passers-by, when the wind blows light yet fresh from the lagoon, and the brilliant sails of the trading boats show like a pageant in the distance, and all the lively, homely craft that ply about the adjoining coast cluster their masts together round the Dogana, between us and San Giorgio blazing red and white in the sun, it would be curious to know wherein the sadness lies. To be sure, it is a pity that half the palaces of the old nobles should be turned into warehouses of antiquities, and that the Loredans and Vendramins should have given place to the Jews. It would be a pleasure to take down the inscriptions of the Venice glass companies and the old furniture shops, and to make a bonfire of the hideous board marked with the more hideous name of GUGGENHEIM. But these are mere details which affect a fastidious temper and eye, but which the healthy spectator dismisses without much difficulty. Perhaps at no period was Venice perfect as the *dilettante* delights to think she may once have been. It may be reasonably doubted whether a universal blaze of fresco would have been more beautiful to look upon than the weather-beaten fronts which afford so many soft tones of color due to the pencil of time alone; and whether the stir of new-making, the scaffoldings, and all the attendant evils of works in progress, would have pleased

the traveller better than the evils of today.

Putting aside, however, all the litanies both of praise and lamentation that have been addressed to Venice, and taking for granted that wonderful combination of natural beauty, and the noblest effects of art, which have turned so many heads, it is very curious to note the difference between the influence and character of this wonderful city and that of the other great Italian towns which have fulfilled, like her, a great career, and, like her, are still living and potent, though so far removed from the circumstances and conditions of life in which their greatness was acquired; Florence, for instance, which is her fittest parallel, as great in art, and, if not so remarkable in history, at least always an important actor in the affairs of the world until fate gave her over to grand dukes and decay. Rome, the mistress of the world, has many additional qualifications which bear comparison, and none of the other cities of Italy have had the enduring greatness of these two princely communities, which stand foremost in the history of civilization and the arts. Both republics, with a show of democracy covering that rule of the strongest which is by some theorists considered the best of all governments, but which is subject, above all others, to perpetual change and catastrophe — both founding their wealth, their power, their magnificence upon the work of their own hands, greedy of wealth and glory, of conquest and acquisition, and little scrupulous how these advantages were attained — both great in natural energy, in the skill which Italian hands first of all modern nations have acquired, and the genius to which every quality is subject, the force of invention, combination, creation out of nothing, which is the highest endowment of man. In all these points, the two great Italian cities are alike; the people are alike also in their intense enthusiasm for their dwelling-place, and their determination to make, each of their own town, the noblest, greatest, and most beautiful in the world.

These are resemblances so great that it is extremely confusing to the student to

discover how great a difference exists in the records and in the character of the two States. In Florence, history is a succession of great biographies. When the traveller, full of memories and associations, enters her venerable streets, they are all already set forth in his imagination with the great images that have made them dear. There passed the dream-life of the "*Vita Nuova*," a vision yet real; there Beatrice walked with her companions, and the young Dante stood in rapture to see her pass. There the great Frate swayed the soul of Florence, and made the proud city tremble before his prophetic warnings, till she turned upon him and burned him, as a warning, in her turn, to reformers too zealous and preachers too convincing. There all the homely painters lived and worked — now at a bridge, now at a fair Madonna — with many a cheerful jest and happy thought. There the Greek amateurs feasted and studied, and brought back pagan vice along with the marbles and gems of the old world. There Michael Angelo stalked about the streets, bidding St. George march and St. Mark speak, where they stand in their niches, as we see them to-day; and there Machiavelli pondered, sarcastic, with that smile disdainful, mournful, about his lips, which is called cynical — the smile of that toleration which means despair. We jostle them as we walk about, even with Murray in our hands. If Murray is not at hand, the *Inferno*, the "*Vita Nuova*," Vasari — a host of chroniclers — will do better. The place is so populous that we have scarcely room for them in our thoughts.

But in Venice it is not so. Perhaps it is only after the traveller has become accustomed to the city, and has moderated out of the transport of expectation and enthusiasm in which his first experiences have been made, that he begins to be aware how few companions of the spirit go with him along the shining streets. It did not occur to us when we first saw Venice. Venice herself so dazzled our eyes and imagination that nothing more seemed needed — no poet to celebrate her name, nor prophet to leave a memory upon the very stones. By-and-by, however, this fact thrusts itself upon our notice.

The city was made what it is by an effort of human strength and intelligence, which one cannot but feel to be far greater than that which in other circumstances directs the half-accidental concourse of primitive habitations which are the nucleus of every town however great. From the moment of its first foundation till now, it has been a marvel, a triumph of patience and thought and skill — a thing almost without parallel among the works of men. So wonderful is it, that every chronicler — and there are hundreds of them — repeats over and over the story of its founding, and attempts to tell how, out of the miserable marshes, pale and lonely, this thing of wonder, this husband and master of the sea, came into being. But the wonder of it and the beauty of it have absorbed every mind, just as in later days the glory of the triumphs and pageants that filled it has preoccupied every beholder, so that no one has time or thought for the men who did this, and shaped the course of the great story which has given Venice a place in the records of the world. What would not we give for a Venetian Vasari, or for one of the many story-tellers who have peopled the Florentine streets with images so living and so real? But no such thing is to be found. The vast records of Sanudo exist indeed, like a huge dust-heap of precious material in which patient labor may make out what a succession of keen intellects thought of every minute event in the public history; and many chroniclers have gone over and over the same ground; but everything is Venice there and elsewhere. Never was there such a subordination of the individual to the great local impersonation, for the glory of which they were willing to expend their lives. No Dandolo, no Mocenigo, not even the traitor whose absence from the pictured roll makes him more conspicuous than any there, has left any vivid record of himself which we can detach and identify. They have all diminished themselves that Venice might be great, with a civic virtue and self-abnegation which is unique in history. The great doges show their greatness by the increase and additional grandeur of Venice. They show to us as a row of great figures impassible as

statues, monuments of public service, and no more. Wherever we look, there is a dazzle of pageants in the air, noble processions, wonderful glimmerings of velvet and gold. The ships come in with news of victory, the people stream down to all the marble quays, the great barge of state floats forth glorious. The doge goes with all his splendor to offer thanks for the new acquisition of territory, the enemies vanquished, the new island won. This is an abstract of Venetian history, except at those moments when, instead of victory, it is news of defeat that the fugitives bring, and the whole population, with a cry of rage and grief, fling themselves into the galleys, and sweep forth again, not to be beaten a second time. Such records as these are continually repeated. They are the commonplaces which a hundred narrators have put down. But deeper than this, nothing. A rare anecdote here and there may indicate that such and such a man was more great, more magnanimous, more noble than his fellows. But how that greater man lived or thought, or what was the story of his individual development, or how he loved and labored, and grew into what he was, neither he nor any one else tells us. In short, throughout all the history of this memorable city, all has been Venice. Her sons have effaced themselves with a magnanimity that, had it not been so natural and spontaneous that the cursory observer scarcely remarks it, would be the most amazing thing in the world.

This, which no doubt much increases the power and magnificence of Venice as a distinct and glorious entity, nevertheless subtracts greatly, when we enter into the matter, from the interest of her story. There is no poet in the great, beautiful city which, more than any city in the world, is a power in herself. There is no great statesman, no legislator, no man, in short, conspicuous among other men, of whom we can say with that thrill of human fellowship which is higher than the love of beauty, Here he stood who was the pride of the city, a sight for men and angels. Not one! Dim forms appear through the glimmer of bright colors, the dazzling of the water, the pageants, and flying banners. Marco Polo coming home, ragged and worn, from his far voyages into the unknown, knocking at his own familiar door, rejected by his kindred as an impostor — then dazzling their eyes with more congenial splendor, and winning their wonder by his millions rather than by his incredible lute: Petrarch, some-

what prim and learned, a dignified presence, with Laura and all the fond imaginations of his youth left far behind, looking down from the galleries of St. Mark's with an appropriate gracefully turned remark in the ears of his Serenity, the doge, upon the jousts in the piazza below: Faleri, the doge-traitor, who, perhaps, according to modern lights, did not die dramatically at the head of the Giant's Staircase, as we have all believed from our cradles. These are almost the only images that we can identify, and they are not images of the first interest. The spare, dark figure of the Servite brother, who, like the rest, more Venetian than Churchman, maintained the supremacy of his republic in face of the pope himself, the one ecclesiastic high councillor of Venice, is visible, but no more, being a monk, and not altogether a man. How can we account for this curious subordination of the individual to the nation? It is indeed a perfect realization of the democratic system which, more than any other, neutralizes individual character and importance; but it is rare that any system is capable of carrying the day over nature, or forcing a vigorous race into the background with such complete success and power. No one can doubt that the Venetians are a vigorous race. The very existence of their city is a proof of the native force to which obstacles of all kinds have given but additional power. The great red Arsenal, vast and ugly, where Dante saw the boiling of the pitch which made more real the grim images of his Inferno, where the immortal lion of the Greeks watches still at the doors, though thousands of grimy workmen manufacture the most modern of all machines of war, the huge ironclads of science within, is not a more living proof of their energy and potency than the endless corridors and chambers of the Archivio, — hundreds of rooms close packed with documents of statecraft, the laws, the registers, the diplomatic correspondence of centuries past, by which all the machinery of internal government is made clear, and to which all the great nations of Europe have learned to come to seek the aid of those lights which the keenest observers in the world, the ambassadors of the doges, throw upon the history of the courts to which they were accredited. All is there in endless vitality and distinctness, not a detail neglected, not a pageant lost. You can identify the first great pillar built up to stand for ages, which holds firm the roof of the sea workshops out of which the strength of Venice came;

and you can trace, if you will, through a hundred volumes, the career of an individual — the course of a family, with all its risings and fallings, its income, its taxpaying power, its use to the State. But while an artist could reconstruct at his pleasure any one of the innumerable pageants which marked every high day for the old Venetians, according to the directions for, and records of, these wonderful exhibitions, the men who directed them, the heroes in whose honor they were held, the heads of the great system of which they were the embellishments, have passed beyond our power. The record of what they did for Venice is clear, succinct, and permanent. But having done their greatest for their city, they sheathe their swords and pass into the background, content to be no more than a name in the bead-roll, so long as Venice is all in all.

This is something more than patriotism. No greater patriots have existed than those of whom we can boast in England; but it has never been expected of them that they should efface themselves in order to enhance the glory of their country. Nor can it be democracy alone which produces this curious result; for Florence, which swarms with individual character, was as democratic as Venice — if either of them, in the modern sense of the word, could be called democratic at all. The great modern republic from which we take the chief example of what the system leads to, runs to the very opposite extreme, and bristles with small celebrities instead of effacing great ones. Perhaps the real explanation of a fact so curious is that the Venetians, among their many gifts, have not included the literary faculty. Their despatches and reports of all they saw and heard to the ever-attentive, ever-vigilant State, are the only effort of this kind in which they have attained to any greatness. Their genius has been entirely practical. To build, to conquer, to adorn, to make themselves great, powerful, and wealthy, were the objects of life, realized intensely, and pursued with the strain of every faculty; but such a petty instrument as the pen did not, it would seem, count for much in the estimation of the great republic. It answered to keep books with, to transcribe registers, to report proceedings — but little more. When the greatness of Venice was over, in the late days when there was no longer anything to conquer, nor much to rule, and when the national love of pageantry had sunk into a mere love of pleasure, there arose a little crowd of play-

writers, who caught the manners and follies of the time, with such a superficial moral as might tickle, without offending, the light-hearted public. But of the great men of the city, and of her great fortunes, no worthy chronicle remains. There can be no greater proof of the importance of the literary faculty to a nation. Be a man ever so noble, if there is no one to make his nobleness known, he will be but a shadow to his grandson, but a name to the after ages. Fortunately the great Venetians left the impress of their strong reality upon the walls they built and the houses they dwelt in; but they do not come to meet us when we make our pilgrimages hither from all the corners of the earth. They are there, yet they are not there. Death has swept them away under his mantle, leaving no familiar face to greet us. No poet sat in the long evenings to watch San Marco grow out of dim stone into the wonder and glory it was in its prime; and though crowds of noble faces, real as the day, look out upon us over their red robes and splendor from so many pictures, there is not, in all Venice, a portrait which is recognized over the world as we recognize the homely features of Savonarola, or even such a sinister image as that of the magnificent Lorenzo of the Medici. Venice is recognizable everywhere; but the Venetians, save for those same red robes, and the name of Titian or Tintoretto behind them, are not recognizable. The most famous doge, the greatest warrior or statesman among them, is to the stranger, in the midst of their palaces and conquests, only a name.

Nor is the other class, of whose records the city should be full, the painters to wit, of more account. Gian Bellini, with his sturdy burgher look, the image of a stout-hearted, somewhat defiant citizen, and the more courtly Titian, and Tintoret, the robust, whose name has a whimsical likeness to his style, and that noblest of decorators, the great Veronese — how unfortunate for them all that Vasari was a Florentine, knowing but little of their life, and perhaps, in his preference for his native city, caring less to attract the interest of the world to a separate and so important school! The same curious peculiarity above noted accompanies us also into the world of art. The pictures, and the places in which they are to be found, are fully noted, the names of the churches which contain them, with every detail of *sestiere* and *parrocchia*, so that no man can fail either by canal or *calle* to find the spot. But of the hand that produced them noth-

ing: the merest formal account of birth and death—a chance receipt laid up in the archives, a stray anecdote, a vague eulogy, but no more. Titian, whose old age fell upon evil times and among associates little creditable, appears by glimpses not nobly amid the feasting and license of depraved society. But we have no glimpse afforded us into the honest house where Zentil and Zuan, good craftsmen not discovered as yet to be great painters, worked stoutly—one at his Madonnas, the other at those wonderful reproductions of the Venice of his time which are better than history. The pictures remain, full of glorious life and vigor. Nothing more beautiful, and captivating, and sweet, than the angel boys with their little instruments, their eyes full of mingled reverence and audacity, piping high and clear, fingering their little lutes and mandolins, were ever brought out of nothing by wholesome and simple genius. They have nothing to do with the cupid heads or meaningless *amoretto*s with which even Titian, in the fulness of his power, surrounds the ascending majesty of his Madonna. If they have not in their eyes the sublimity of Raphael, that adoration and awe, which were never set forth more profoundly than in the divine boy of the Foligno picture, and those of the San Sisto, there is yet a tender simplicity and vitality in them which are beyond criticism. They are as *naïve* as the vigorous young Tuscans of Donatello's frieze, and much more divine, elevated by the air of Paradise and softened by that of Venice, the most exquisite mingling of childhood and semi-divinity. But where the painter found them, or whether there was some band of young Venetians at home who put it into his head to introduce these sweet attendants in every picture, and make of them a sort of signature of his method and school, we have no way of knowing. The painters, like the doges, have left their work behind them, but of themselves nothing. Ridolfi and Lanzi are as bare as a parish record; and here, as in other directions, the individual is nothing—the city, finding with delight a new way of embellishing and making herself glorious, all in all.

This curious peculiarity of Venice deprives her of much of the interest which other Italian cities possess. Her ancient chroniclers and her modern rhapsodists have thought to make up for this by much description of the shows and spectacles which seem to have pleased the people through all their history, and taken the

place of records more significant. But the stately progress of the Bucentor, the espousals of the doge with the Adriatic, and the many other occasions of display which abound in all the records, pall upon us with much repetition. A procession, after all, is only a procession, even though it be in the Grand Canal or the great Piazza of San Marco. The new life which is beginning to rise in Venice has not been regarded with favor by foreign spectators. Curiously enough, perhaps as a natural revulsion from the conventional rule of beauty under which she has been supposed to live for a century or two, to the exclusion of all more vigorous laws of life, the Italy of the present day is of all nations that which throws herself most eagerly into the latest inventions of civilization. An amusing sign of this is to be found in the ballet which has lately been going the round of the Italian cities—a quite characteristic and highly Italian performance, in which, by lively pantomime and dumb show, is set forth the confusion of Ignorance and the progress of Science as exemplified by the Alpine tunnels, the Suez Canal, and other great works of the age. Everybody in Italy has gone to see "Excelsior." There Ignorance, in an idiotic wig and black garb, wrings his hands with dismay on seeing one new triumph after another,—the railway, the telegraph, the great engineering of modern times. There the public beholds with admiration the awful pause and suspense of the workmen on one side of the Mont Cenis or the St. Gothard tunnel, waiting for sound and sight of the workmen who have tunneled through on the other side, until, oh joy! the sound of a pick is heard, the brown paper rocks are rent, and a crowd of ballet-dancers, who naturally have attended the steps of the navvies, burst in and execute a *pas de triomphe*! The Italian spectators not possessing at any time a very lively sense of humor, applaud to the echo, and Ignorance falls into terrible contortions of dismay.

In this matter-of-fact way is the allegiance of the old empire of the arts transferred to the new reign of mechanics and practical progress. In Milan, Florence, even in little learned Padua, where the mild population can have but little need of such aids to locomotion, the tram is in full operation in the shadow of mediæval palaces—curious sign of the old practical spirit which preceded, as it has succeeded, the potency of the arts. The *tramvai*, as they call it, is one of the most conspicuous features of the modern

Italy. In Venice a framvai is happily impossible, seeing that you cannot walk anywhere for a hundred yards without having to ascend and descend a bridge over some canal which interrupts the level. But instead of the tramvai she has the vaporetto, which have carried horror and confusion to all the distant worshippers of the city. Let this fine distress accept a little consolation. We, too, were of opinion that a steamboat on the Grand Canal was the last cruelty of fate, and that Venice must henceforward be lost to her adorers. But fortunately it is not so. The steamboats are launched after some French patent which afford the least disturbance possible either to the water or the air. If when they pass they add a little roll to the movement of the gondola, this is only momentary, scarcely disagreeable, and not at all dangerous. There is no smoke from their innocent little scarcely visible funnels. The steam-whistle is very rarely used, and the effect is really as little inharmonious as it is possible to be. These expeditious little vessels are always crowded; but it is not with Cook's tourists — with 'Arry and 'Enrietta: it is the native Venetian who finds it more convenient, more rapid to go about his business in this way. And, when one comes to think of it, it is a little hard that because his city is one of the most beautiful in the world he should be prevented by a set of barbarians from availing himself of modern conveniences. His forefathers, one may be sure — they who made Venice — would not have hesitated for a moment, whatever Mr. Ruskin may say. As a matter of fact the Venetian who has anything to do eschews the gondola. He can find his way to his work more quickly by short cuts among the tortuous *calli*, across a hundred little bridges. But if he is no longer young and his legs begin to fail him, the bridges try his strength, and he is but too thankful for the vaporetto. The fanatic who would like to keep Venice in picturesque decay for his own pleasure will be sorry to hear that these dreaded steamboats are very little offensive. But such is the case. They do not bellow forth black smoke, nor fill the air with demoniac shrieks. They do not even injure the gondolas, which depend upon the *forestieri*, the foreign visitors, and not upon the native Venetians — save in the case of those private families who keep a gondola, as they would a carriage, of their own.

We take credit to ourselves for having

got thus far without more than a passing reference to the gondola, that delight of the romantic voyager. Those who are interested in this most luxurious and poetical of conveyances, will find very much to their taste, in a little book lately published by a young Englishman resident in Venice,* which, so far as it is not the nonsense commonly written by all young Englishmen on the subject, is entirely occupied by the gondola and its boatmen, the life they lead, and the rules they follow. Whether it is that there is something specially endearing in the Italian of the lower classes, or whether contact with a new kind of affectionately respectful servant, between whom and ourselves the mediums of communication are a little limited, has always the same effect, it is scarcely necessary to inquire. We may believe, however, that there is much in the latter hypothesis, since we have all known cases in which a Highland gillie has attained a similar place in the heart of his southern master; but at all events the gondolier is the chief instance of a native functionary whom even the most suspicious of Englishmen thinks well of. He becomes the guide, philosopher, and friend of the tourist, who respects his boundless information all the more that much of it is incomprehensible; and from the same cause, his natural good manners, and the ready interest which he shows in everything that concerns his temporary master, take the appearance of a devotion which touches the heart of the stranger, conscious of having done nothing in particular to call it forth. It is part of the programme of every visitor to leave behind him when he quits Venice a particular Giacomo or Francesco of his own, in whose grateful regard he has the utmost confidence, and with whom he probably maintains friendly relations for years. Especially to the Englishwoman on her way about the world with her little party of sons and daughters is the gondolier dear. He is so careful of the children, so mindful of her particular tastes, so anxious to preserve her from sun and rain, so patient of the signorino's attempts to row, and the signorina's long pauses to *pitturare*. Nowhere in the world is there so attractive, so agreeable an attendant. Time may show the existence of flaws in the diamond, but for the few weeks or even months of an ordinary stay in Venice, whatever objections the tourist may

* Life on the Lagoons. By Horatio F. Brown. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., London.

find to the other ministrants to his comfort, the gondolier is always an exception. The skill, so easy, yet so perfect, with which he turns his long, black bark at his will, clearing incredible corners, avoiding inevitable contact, is not more astonishing to the uninitiated, than the particular devotion which after the service of a day or two seems to bind him to his employer is flattering. Guides everywhere are a favored class; but there is no guide so easy to pet and swear by as the gondolier.

Mr. Brown's little book gives us a great deal of information about this most useful functionary, who belongs to one of the oldest guilds of Venice, and is at his *traghetto* under the sway of laws which are as real as anything in the old republic, and which have outlived many of more public importance. The *traghetti* are ferries across the Grand Canal, conveniences of the most vital importance as long as there was no bridge but the Rialto, and which are still most necessary and useful, though the hideous iron span of Mr. Ruskin's "accursed Englishman" affords a means of communication a little more rapid and cheaper than the ferry-boat; but after all, there are only two iron bridges, one at each extremity of the canal, and the *traghetti* are as numerous as in the days when Venice had nothing but the Rialto. They are institutions established under the most elaborate rule, as everything was in a state where the science of government was so deeply studied. To the English visitor they have the air of a succession of water-cabstands, where he can find a boat whenever he likes, and where any chance gondolier may ply for hire as pleases him. This, however, is very far from being the case, each *traghetto* being a little corporation, with elected officers and a privileged band, to whom, and to whom only, the right of clustering about its little landing-stage and water-steps belong. These seasoned watermen were in former times required to furnish a contingent to the republic whenever the public service needed it, as many as ten men being required from the "school" or confraternity of a single ferry. This requirement has, of course, fallen entirely out of use; but the gondoliers are still ruled by officers elected among themselves—a captain and his councillors—and still follow the regulations instituted when Venice was the greatest of maritime powers. They take their turn and share in the good and bad moments of the station to which they belong. Once in six days they are on duty all night, it being

the rule that two men should be always ready for the service of the *traghetto* at any hour of the night or day. One of the most characteristic details of Venetian life for those who live near a ferry, is the sudden call of "*Poppe!*" which will break from time to time the midnight stillness, followed by the sound of the rapidly loosened boat, and the tinkle of the oar in the water, as the late passenger is carried across through the darkness and silence—the little light on the prow of the gondola glimmering like a ghostly lantern across the dark canal. This night duty, which lasts from four o'clock in the previous afternoon till nine in the morning, is the most profitable of all. The hotels are also portioned out to the *traghetti* nearest to them, and so many men remain on duty daily about these much frequented water-doors to answer to any call, although it is a now frequent occurrence that the hotel possesses gondoliers of its own, smart individuals in costume, who are much more fine but less characteristic than their humbler comrades. The corporation of the *traghetto*, which at its first beginning was established on religious principles, with a special place reserved for it in its parish churches, and an engagement on the part of the brethren not only to live a respectable and orderly life, but to confess twice a year, and keep up certain weekly masses, is still, if no longer devotional, at least a benevolent society for mutual help and consolation. Thus members who are sick have a daily allowance as long as their illness lasts; and when they die, a deputation from the ferry, headed by the chief officer, conveys them solemnly across the lagoon to San Michele, where all the dead of Venice sleep.

The little encampments of the *traghetto* are very picturesque incidents in the long course of the Grand Canal. Each has a little shrine with a dim picture of the Madonna and a little lamp: a small wooden hut against the wall of the nearest house, in which the boatmen on duty take refuge in rain or cold weather, and where the officers of the company hold their meetings: a bench where a little group of women, wives or neighbors, often sit in the sun, with their ruffled locks, knitting sometimes, chattering always, with their children tumbling at their feet, and the men standing about waiting for their turn of service. Almost all of those ferries have a small *pergola*, a vine trained over a bit of trellis, under which they can take shelter from the sun; and this touch of green

against the background of the shining walls, with the dark, vigorous figures underneath, and the line of gondolas ranged at the steps below, is wonderfully effective. In the evening the shadowy boats, each with its little light, the half-seen groups, the glimmer of the tiny lamp before the shrine, is even more picturesque; but Venice has scarcely need of such additions to her endless variety and charm.

The small volume to which we have referred is interesting in the details of real life which it gives, although it must be allowed that this halfpenny-worth of bread is washed down, as in almost all books about Venice, with an intolerable amount of sack, weak, washy, sugary, and spiced to the supposed palate of the tourist, who, after all, is not such a fool as he is supposed to be in this respect, and, so far as we are aware, cares as little for rhapsodies and over-sweet description as the rest of the world, which is why the least scrap of reality is so welcome to him. But so strong is the tendency towards pageant that seems to lurk in the very air of Venice, that few writers have self-denial enough to spare us a description for the hundredth time of the water processions, the elaborately decorated boats, the colored lamps, and frippery of a regatta or state promenade. Of these things we have heard too much, and there is very little else to be heard on the subject of Venice. The recent works of Signor Molmenti,* to which the stranger longing for somewhat stronger fare will probably turn with eagerness, are not very much more satisfactory. Perhaps it is because private life in our sense of the word has never existed in Venice. The *Zentildonne* have always been obstinate home-keepers, appearing in glorious array to grace a pageant of the State now and then, but preserving within doors a half-Oriental seclusion, broken only by escapades equally Oriental—escapades which belong chiefly to the depraved periods of national history, the ages of decay. In the days when Venice was pure and strong, her ladies made little appearance in the world; and from the same cause which we have already noted, the absence of all personal records, which deprives us of individual acquaintance even with the great figures of history, the women disappear altogether. And curiously enough the same influence seems to prevail still. A crowd throughout Italy is far more exclusively made up of men than in any other coun-

try. But in Venice this is doubly the case. The Piazza is black with male figures. Men swarm everywhere, at all hours, in all circumstances; but the feminine portion of the population keeps apart. Women are indeed to be found in the streets, in the Merceria, and about those parts of the town which are least frequented by strangers; but they are chiefly women of small social pretensions. Ladies are conspicuous by their absence. How this should be, in what way it is possible for them to escape from the ordinary necessities of life, or by what process they have arrived at the power of stifling nature, and the desire to see and be seen, it is difficult to guess; and it would require more intimate knowledge than we possess to attempt any explanation. But such is the case, strange as it seems. Even the women of the lower classes do not abound as ours do. In the great ceremonial on St. Mark's Day, looking down from an elevated gallery upon a mass of people below, so closely packed that the proverbial possibility of walking on the heads of the crowd seemed no exaggeration, it was astonishing to perceive how entirely the throng was composed of men. Excluding the inevitable tourist parties, in which ladies are always strong, the women could have been counted individually; but the men stood in one dark mass filling the whole of the nave—old men, young men, curly heads of stalwart gondoliers, older faces, such as might have been painted by Titian, every class and profession. The ceremonies had begun by a gorgeous procession of white-robed priests and prelates, headed by the patriarch himself in his cloth of gold, a sight which would have called forth the female world *en masse* anywhere else. But in San Marco they were not—which gave a most singular, serious, and impressive air to the crowd. One might have supposed it to be one of those popular assemblies of old in which the doge and the patriarch propounded a new scheme of conquest to the people, to receive from them the ready shout of assent, *Noi vogliamo e approviamo*, by which the flattered populace considered itself to originate the expedition. Is it the tradition of those days which keeps back the feminine sightseer? but this is a question to which it is extremely difficult for a stranger to make any reply.

The poor women, who are the only examples of the sex generally visible, are on the whole inferior to the men in good looks. For one thing, their dress is the most unbecoming possible. A large

* La Vita privata in Venezia: Vecchie Storie, etc.

shawl, generally woollen, and very often dingy, covers them almost from head to foot, concealing every possible charm of figure under the long, shapeless wrap, which is never put on coquettishly, as in France, or drawn over the elbows, but allowed to hang in a straight line, the arms concealed under it — the hands only appearing now and then to huddle it about the neck. The feet are covered with white stockings (almost invariably clean), and shoes without any heels, in which it must be a work of extreme difficulty to shuffle about; and last, and worst of all, there seems to exist a popular prejudice against combing the hair, which is generally abundant, and always uncovered, but which hangs about their brows in elf-locks — a wild exaggeration of the fringe of modern fashion. This is all the greater misfortune that the hair itself is often beautiful, and that its wild condition does great wrong to a pretty little fresh countenance underneath, which does not possess the fine and picturesque outline which half justifies a picturesque disorder, but is of the class which requires and rewards tidiness and care. The occasional vision of a higher beauty here and there, is not much more common in Venice than in other places. In Torcello, in the wild and melancholy desert which was once a lesser Venice, are one or two pale lovely young women of a higher type; and the lace-girls of Burano bending over their endless work, have a considerable amount of beauty among them. But the Venetians are not of a lofty order. They are like *piccole Madonne*, says an admiring countryman, when their fresh faces appear out of the shawl thrown over their heads; but they scarcely carry out this character to English eyes.

Venetian guide-books, like Venetian rhapsodists, confine themselves very much to the water-ways of the city, and specially to the Grand Canal and the lagoons, the first enchanting *coup d'œil* which seizes upon the imagination as perhaps no other scene in the world has the power of doing. We may pause to inquire, by the way, among the many questions that have been put but never answered as to the amount of Shakespeare's experiences and knowledge, Was he ever in Venice? Could he know by any personal proof what it was to "swim in a gondola"? or was it mere divination such as displayed all secrets to that most abundant and all-embracing genius, which made him hit upon the word of all others which expresses the movement of the Venetian

vessel? There is not much "local color" in "The Merchant of Venice." Any other sea-born city where ships come in, and mercantile news is told, would answer as well; but no other words have ever expressed so happily the motion of the swan-ship, the ease and silence, the freshness and coolness, of the voyage. The strangers swim along the Grand Canal, gliding now and then down a narrower passage, but in most cases returning with all haste to the broad, sunshiny highway, with its clear green current, and its line of palaces. They carry Baedeker in their hands. (Is the familiar Murray too dear, or too formal, or too big for the limited baggage of the flying *forestiere*?) They turn from side to side as every great old dwelling comes in view. To them it is this brilliant channel of sea-water that is Venice. But when the traveller has become familiar, his mind changes, and he begins, with the Venetians, to appreciate the endless streets which pierce and wriggle through the town, the tortuous and innumerable lanes, the square, paved *campo*, making an unexpected opening in a hundred corners, which if neither so grand nor so beautiful as the great canal, is more characteristic, and almost as original. It is only when he begins to take with devotion to this labyrinth, and to find his way through it, that the barbarian may begin to whisper to himself that he knows his Venice. There is not a straight line in all these countless streets. They open up into *campo* after *campo*, with a tall campanile rising in a corner, the red dome of a church, perhaps its appalling stuccoed front, with which a *rococo* age did its best to destroy the monuments committed to its care — a few green trees looking over a garden wall, a palace unknown to Baedeker, glancing with all its noble windows at the discoverer who has found it out.

There is a growing pleasure in such peregrinations. The nearer we get to the Rialto, — which is the centre of the old city in its every-day existence, as San Marco is the centre of its religious and regal life, — the less we see of the forestieri, the more we find ourselves surrounded, enveloped, in the abundant life of the overflowing native population. There is no hurry and little noise in streets where no wheeled vehicle of any kind is a possibility; but there is boundless activity, a perpetual coming and going, and at every turn something unlooked for, something new to see. The best guide-book which the visitor can have, if,

at least, he possesses a little Italian, is the "*Guida Artistica e Storica*," which leads him along from corner to corner and from bridge to bridge, indicating the great houses that stand up in proud humility by the side of a narrow canal or narrower calle, with names attached to them as great as any of those which flourish along the great high street of Venetian life — the Canal Grande, with its lines of palaces. Among these streets and lanes the shops that tempt the forestieri with meretricious ornaments and mirrors and beads enough to beguile a whole continent of savagedom, disappear, and the simple uses of domestic life come in. On and about the Rialto, everything is cheap and simple. The goldsmiths' shops, which abound, sell not trumpery mosaic, but the solid gold of the peasant ornaments, which have none of the fancy and grace of the corresponding jewellery on the Ponto Vecchio at Florence, but are at least heavy and genuine. At the basketmaker's at the corner, you will get a strong, not ungraceful basket for sixpence, in which you can carry home chickens and vegetables from the market at half the price of the shops with which your servants deal near the Piazza. Up the steep steps of the Rialto itself are homely shops of every kind, not attractive to the stranger as on the Ponto Vecchio, addressing themselves solely to the needs of the people. The little *farmacias* about have their shelves still furnished with vases of Savona ware, bearing the names of antiquated drugs — collections worth a little fortune. They are the news-shops, the humble clubs of Italy. Half-a-dozen loungers occupy the bench opposite the counter, talking languidly, eying the customers that come and go, exchanging betimes a remark with the master. Close by here is a cook-shop much in favor, where yellow solid *polenta* is being prepared on one side, while fish is frying on the other. For twenty centissimi, which is twopence, the customer gets a thick, hot hunk of the golden yellow meal flavored with cheese, and more solid than bread, upon which a measure of fried fish — little red mullets, small individuals of the herring species, succulent little crabs, fried crisp and consumed entire, their innocent claws and shells offering no obstacle to the healthy eater, is heaped — a most substantial and cheap meal. The men from the vegetable market, the gondoliers always waiting about the bridge, patronize it largely. The *minestra*, the national soup full of macaroni in some of

its forms, which stands to the Italian in place of the *pot au feu* of the French or the broth of the Scotch, is eaten at home with their families in the evening; but here is a capital lunch, substantial and pleasant fare. Innumerable industries cluster about this famous bridge, which, like so many things in Venice, is not beautiful in itself, but in its grouping and accompaniments, and the place it takes in the economy and life of the city of which it is so characteristic a part. Its high ridge rising opaque over the noble space of the solitary arch, bars the great waterway, and divides the lower from the upper part. Almost all that the traveller knows of Venice stops here. The other part of the town, towards *terra firma* and the Brenta mouth, still contains many notable and most picturesque scenes. But it is far from the Piazza and the centre of the visitor's life, and it requires much leisure and liking to master the intricacies of its streets. The great canal itself continues, we need not say, till it reaches the vulgarity of the railway station, to be the chief thoroughfare of the stranger. The railway (be it added) is not vulgar at all to those who are arriving: the first glimpse of Venice from the steps upon which one emerges to all her enchantments, out of the commonplace and ordinary accompaniments of the journey, is as fine as any after vision, and almost more striking in the suddenness and surprise of the transition. But when we turn our backs upon Venice and come sorrowfully along, leaving every fine association behind us, to see the second iron bridge throwing its dark network across the sky, and the little steamboat rustling up from the basin, and the square front, with its sheds and archways, which could be nothing but a railway station, standing flat and vulgar under the shadow of the great stucco images of the Scalzi — then indeed it becomes apparent that we are going back out of enchantment and delight into the ordinary and dull level of existence — not badly represented by that flat, fat country which lies between Venice and Milan, the dulllest level of interminable fields.

Let us not forestall that moment of depression. At the other end of the Grand Canal, those poor people whom Mr. Ruskin describes as "the wretched hordes at the *table d'hôte*" are reluctantly assembling to dinner at six o'clock, catching a glimpse of the glow of the sunset on San Giorgio, and consoling themselves for the enforced early hour of their repast by the thought of the great, delightful, open-air

withdrawing-room of the Piazza, — that evening resort which makes Venice the most captivating of all cities for the traveller. The "wretched hordes" at the hotel include many individuals who believe devoutly in Ruskin, going so far even as to accept his verdict upon themselves, or at least upon their neighbors, which is easier. The Piazza, with all its pretty trumpery spread out in the shining shop-windows, and its lamps flaring up to the insulted skies, is a sight which wounds to the core this new antiquarian school. They would prefer that all should be dark and silent under the broad colonnades of the Procuratie, — a glimmer of light here and there from a shrine affording an uncertain guide to the belated passer-by, and the light of the moon upon the *façades* and domes of San Marco affording the only illumination to the picture. If art demands such a sacrifice, however, the practical spirit of the Venetians is very little disposed to grant it. And it is this same Piazza which makes the life of the visitor in Venice so much more cheerful and agreeable than it is in any other place. The drawback generally of foreign travelling is the vacancy of the evenings. In the height of summer, when there is scarcely any night at all, this drawback is much lessened; but the height of summer is enervating and often impossible, and nothing can be conceived less agreeable than the commonplace surrounding of a hotel, the dull private sitting-room, without books or means of occupation, or the public drawing-room, where parties of tourists stare at each other with civil defiance, and the few who have acquaintances talk loud and ostentatiously together, to the suppressed envy and contempt of the others who have none.

From all this the Piazza is the deliverance of the stranger. It has amusement for all. The mosaics in the shops, though they are worthless, are pretty, and make a glitter of light and color which is thrown upon the broad arches, the marble pavements, the endless groups that come and go. Out in the central space the air is fresher; the hum of the crowd, the sound of many feet, the constant panorama unrolling before us, is full of amusement and interest. The moon, when there is a moon, shines full upon the campanile, rising straight up out of the ground with a bold and simple grandeur such as is native to Italy, — no step or projection of foundations to lend an appearance of unmeaning support to the self-poised and self-sustained structure — and looks benevolent

upon the human throng who take their pleasure in the utmost simplicity with a cup of black coffee, an innocent ice, a mingling of voices from which the sea air, breaking softly round the corner from the broad lagoon, takes away the shrillness and harshness which are the usual drawbacks of Italian voices. In former days, when leisurely patrician tourists making their costly way with difficulty across the Continent, were provided with letters and recommendations everywhere, and had the privilege, such as it was, of some real acquaintance with the inhabitants and society of the countries they visited, the evils of hotel life were comparatively unknown. But in this age of travel these are great. Few English travellers are able to find means of introduction to Italian domestic life; they are not apt to make friends with the chosen companions of their journey, and indeed, as speed quickens daily, have little opportunity of doing so. In other places they are condemned to the feeble resources of the hotel, and to the early slumber which is the least interesting of all ways of passing the evening. It is a forlorn expedient to go to bed at ten o'clock because one has nothing better to do. But no such way of killing time is necessary in Venice. The people in the Piazza are all assistants at a great popular reception, where indeed there is no fatigued, conventionally smiling hostess, but where, on the other hand, there is no crush, no flare of unnecessary lights, no heated atmosphere or occasion for responsive civilities. Occasionally very good music, not too loud or long, gives a centre of interest to the scene; or if you tire of that, as barbarians have been known to do, there is the Piazzetta, whither you can stroll in two minutes, where the breezes will blow away the heat and the waltzes, and where the luminous lovely walls of the ducal palace, shining in the clear air as with an innate radiance — the dark gliding gondolas, each with its tiny star of light upon the broad water — the slender tower of San Giorgio, dark against the moonlight, standing up out of the glitter of the waves with that proud fine footing which seems to scorn all common laws of security and sure foundation, — will charm you anew with the half revelation, suggestive as a dream, of one of the noblest prospects in the world.

• It is thus for its own beauty, for the personal charm in the place, a sort of identity which is — if the words were not somewhat absurd — individual; the kind

of charm which makes a person not more excellent, not more lovely than others, infinitely more attractive to us often than his or her superiors both in intellect and goodness, — that Venice has so strong a hold upon the heart. It is not the charm of association. When we take to pieces those vague impressions we have of the historical importance and greatness of the old Queen of the Sea, it is curious to find how little particular they are, how entirely civic, how completely unconnected with individual images. All the Eastern conquests, the rich island prizes that fell one by one under the domination of the great republic, the successful raids of her galleys, the cargoes of rich and beautiful things which, like King Solomon, she brought from afar for the glory of her own dwelling, are, after all, but still life, unfurnished with any human attractions. It is a curious example of the possibility of enacting a great part in the world, and largely influencing its history, without having any intimate history of one's own; and forms a kind of excuse for the dull books which are generally written about statesmen, as well as for the rhapsodies which form, in almost all modern examples, the literature of Venice. Finding nothing else to say on the subject, the hapless author, beguiled by the apparent greatness of the theme into undertaking a task for which there is so very little actual material, falls, in spite of himself, into inflated description, into wild dashing about of the colors which the literature of the day uses so freely. When all is done that can be done with orange and purple and crimson, and every epithet used that the most lavish vocabulary can supply, we are little further on in our knowledge of Venice, which, standing securely up in the self-restraint of nature out of her surrounding sea, has a quiet and repose in her great silent beauty for which the finest palettes cannot supply tints sufficiently delicate, sufficiently transparent. The historians who cluster round her are like workmen laboring clumsily about the feet of a great figure whose mysterious veil only the supreme hand of genius can withdraw. They work at a fold of the cloak, at the clasp of a sandal. Above the divinity stands veiled, concealing a smile half benignant, mocking their efforts. Some time, perhaps, the Michael Angelo may appear who shall free her out of the half-hewn marble. Some time there may arise a historian at whose touch the documents of the Frari shall leap into life, and the men of Venice stand forth. But

as yet no such miracle has been performed.

Venice, however, has little changed in her traditional love for her surrounding waters, and for those spectacles and amusements which are congenial to them. The gondoliers are never more happy than when they can persuade their *padroni* to remain out upon the lagoons half the moonlight night, sweeping softly along with a motion tempered to the soft breathing of the midnight hours. They point to the glow of the sunset sky behind and the full soft blaze of the moon before, and assure the stranger that there is no such *bel divertimento* to be had far or near; while Giacomo bursts forth with a big voice, not always in perfect tune, in one of the brief breaks of song native to Venice; and Domenico behind, after due coaxing and exhortation from his comrade, intones (notwithstanding Lord Byron), a little harshly but with enthusiasm, strophe after strophe of Tasso, set to a chant half Gregorian, half operatic, and pauses to explain between whiles, if the master has perhaps forgotten, the story of Clorinda and her lover. They will row on all night with ceaseless soft progression, the very luxury of movement, for hour after hour, and never own weariness, nor seek refreshment — disappointed if you cut them short, delighted if you consent to swim along upon the long, peaceful levels, all silver with the moon, the whole night through.

In one of the most characteristic festivals which still remain to Venice, the *fiesta* of the Redentore, this is done by the whole city. It is in July, in the bathing season, when there are but few visitors, except those who are native Italians. Then every gondola, barca, big hulk that can be rowed and will float, is called into service, and small and great pour forth. It is in celebration of the staying of the great plague in 1576, to commemorate which was built the Church of the Redentore on the Giudecca Canal, Palladio's grand dome, which the visitor to Venice will recollect chiefly as affording a shrine to some of Gian Bellini's most lovely Madonnas. The endless stream of boats pours forth with music and all kinds of decorations, green boughs and flowers, each with its joyous company. Their course is to the Lido, the same route which in other days was taken by the doge on his way to wed the Adriatic. The city is left silent behind, all shining like a city made of light, in the custody of the old and feeble. Any sudden party of travellers arriving at this moment, might wan-

der through the water-streets without encountering anything but a black barge, moored here and there by the door-posts. Venice is all abroad, feasting, singing, in full enjoyment of the moonlight and intoxication of the night. And there Venice remains, until — *bel divertimento!* loveliest of all sights, the sun rises up over Torcello, glorious like a bridegroom from his chamber, shedding color and radiance such as no mortal pigments have ever learned to copy, upon the dazzling miles of the sea. Should an old Dandolo or Mocenigo return to the scene of his sovereignty on one of these July nights, it might seem to him, with a little less grandeur, gilding, and magnificence, his own Venice, triumphant as of old, all the more beautiful for a presence which might puzzle the ancient hero, the fair, noble, and beloved figure of a beautiful young queen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XLI.

WORDS DON'T COME WHEN THEY ARE WANTED.

"For words are weak, and ill to seek,
When wanted fifty-fold."

PHILIP VON ARTEVELDE.

"CHALLONER loves you, and Challoner is going to the devil!"

The speaker was Lord Overton, the listener was Matilda, and it was the first time that Challoner's name had been mentioned between them since the never-to-be-forgotten day on which it had seemed to both that they had seen the last of him forever.

For weal or for woe, never more would Jem Challoner voluntarily cross their path; they had done with him, he had done with them — and with the bitterness of such a conviction, with all its accompaniments, had grown up a blank silence between the two, which had never until now been broken.

Challoner had been ignored — they would have said forgotten. They would have told you it was their brother for whom that void was kept; that their lost boy in his feebleness, his helplessness, his wilfulness and waywardness, had made for himself a place in their hearts which could never be filled by another — but in truth it could have been filled, more than filled, by one who had once seen only too able and only too ready to take it.

Overton had liked Challoner, Matilda had loved him — in him could have been a new bond of union, deeper and tenderer even than that which had drawn them together in poor foolish Teddy — and that link also was broken and gaping.

Now the two lived on and on — side by side, and yet asunder; there was no riding, no skating, no singing, no cheery notes floating through the dim old galleries — but only a black-robed figure gliding alone and slowly down the long vistas of the park, or standing motionless and mute, watching from windows when there was nothing to watch for, and once it was the piece of ancient Moorish tapestry which drew that fixed and melancholy gaze upon itself — and it came into the mind of the elder brother ever and anon, as the months passed and no change was seen, that there was only one thing and only one person who had the power, and who might have yet the chance of waking his sister from her mournful reveries.

He knew all about Challoner. He knew far more than Matilda did.

When on that night on which their house had been left desolate, she had thrown herself into his arms with, "Overton, dear Overton, I have no one but you now, and you have only me. Love me more than ever you did before, Overton; I need it so much more now; I have no one but you — no one, no one but you!" he understood it all. Teddy had revealed his mission — Matilda's sobs confirmed it.

Neither of them thought of Matilda's child, poor, stupid Lotta, who could never be any thing to her mother; and in pressing his wretched sister to his heart, and inwardly vowing to make up to her for all she had lost, so far as in him lay, the kind Overton felt in solemn truth that he alone was left, and that, try as he might, he was inadequate to the post thus forced upon him. "What will she ever do with only me?" pondered he sorrowfully. "How shall I ever satisfy a woman like Matilda? I never was clever — now I am dull. I have seen nothing of the world. I have not poor Teddy's spirits. I have none of his pleasantness, his aptitude for making the most of trifles, of finding amusement in nothing. Matilda is unhappy now, too unhappy to care; but by-and-by she will begin to pine. And then, must Lotta after all be the Countess of Overton? Must Robert Hanwell reign here when I am gone?"

Now if there was one person on earth for whom the good earl entertained real

contempt, contempt active and positive, it was his niece's husband. What business, he muttered to himself, what business had Robert to put that amount of crape upon his hat? What concern was it of his whether the stone on poor Teddy's grave was to be broad or high? Teddy gone, and Lotta Matilda's only child, it could not be a source of lasting grief to Lotta's husband that Matilda was Overton's heir.

But Overton himself groaned in spirit.

What a different picture fancy had drawn of this sweet summer time only eighteen months ago, when Jem Challoner was coming and going at the Hall! Then he had seen as in a vision, Matilda again a wife, again a mother — and the thoughts of a little Jem toddling about the terrace, and of the long faces of the Hanwells, and of Lotta's jealousy, and Teddy's pride, and of Challoner to walk with and to shoot with, and of the cheerful dinner-table, and everybody pleased — and Robert discomfited — all had combined to make up a delicious medley, a prospect after his own heart. Alas, when it had melted away as fairy cobwebs beneath the morning sun!

No Challoner, no Teddy any more, and he fancied a settled exultation in Mr. Hanwell's demeanor, and an increased importance in his step from the date of the collapse. His aversion increased in due proportion, he grew almost to hate Robert, and thought of the guilty Challoner with a tenderness of which he ought to have been ashamed.

No doubt Challoner had behaved badly, no doubt dishonorably, treacherously, but — And then he heard that Challoner was bereft of his bride, straitened in his means, and at variance with his family. His soul yearned over him. It was when the last piece of news came through Robert Hanwell, and came direct from headquarters, stamped with Whewell's authority, and professing to be Whewell's experience, that Overton felt the time to speak had come.

It was an August evening, and beneath the summer sun field after field of long-eared wheat whistled softly from very weight of fulness, and the poppies flared by the wayside, and the landrail's note sounded up and down over all the land.

Matilda, weary and languid as she often was now, had retired to the cool shades of the great back drawing-room, a room little sat in at any time, and which had never once been used since Teddy's death — and there she stood looking absently

from the window as was her wont, when the door opened, and to her surprise it was her brother who had followed her.

Now what did this portend? She had left the good man to all appearance nodding in his easy-chair after dinner, what ailed him that he could not stay there? He thought she was lonely, she supposed.

"No, my dear Overton," quoth the lady to herself; "no, I am not lonely, not in the way you imagine. I — to confess the truth — I thought I did very well without company for the present — my own company is quite enough for me, almost too much for me on these days. I am best left to it; I am indeed. However, not to be ungracious —"

"Well, sir," addressing the intruder with a spark of her old playfulness, "Well, what has brought you here? Tired of yourself? Or bitten by the midges? Or what? Wasps?"

"I came to find you," replied he; as he spoke, he walked up from behind quite close to where she stood, and put his two hands on her shoulders.

"To find me!" cried Matilda, surprised both at the tone and action. "Had you any particular reason for wishing to find me? I have been with you all day —"

"And I have tried to speak to you all day. But," said Overton, looking straight out over her shoulder, "but words don't come when they are wanted."

"I hope it is nothing disagreeable?" said Matilda lightly.

"I hope you will not think it so."

"Robert?"

"No."

"Lotta?"

"No. It is about one who was once your friend and mine," continued Lord Overton, after a very long silence, during which Matilda's heart had suddenly begun to beat against her side, and her breath to come quick and short. "Dear Matilda, I have something to say, and I have something also to ask. You know that I have never adverted to Challoner, never mentioned his name since he left us; I have never inquired what passed between him and you on that dreadful day. I knew that poor Teddy had told you what he told me; and I knew — for I was at pains to find out — that he had spoken the truth. It was very sad," he paused.

"Well?" said Matilda, in a hard, dry tone.

"But —" he stopped again.

"I don't know why we need enter upon it, brother. Mr. Challoner will not trouble either of us any more."

"I know he was to blame," began Overton heavily. "I am not exonerating him —"

"Good heavens! I should hope not."

"But consider — Matilda, do you know the circumstances in which he was placed?"

"Oh, I know them; I know them of course. They were not particularly creditable —"

"But are you sure that you do know —"

"Pshaw! I know this: I know that while he had asked another woman to be his wife, that while he had plighted his troth to her, and held hers, he dared to ask for *my* love — mine — ah, you exclaim! You did not suppose he had gone so far as that, did you? No, and no more he had — happily no more he had — until after, just after I had learned the miserable truth. Think what it would have been if he had tried me sooner. I loved him — you know I loved him — and had he asked me —" and she hid her face in her hands.

"My poor girl!"

"He was out of himself, don't you see?" said Matilda presently. "He was aroused out of his caution by fears that he had killed me, and he spoke out what he had never dared, had never *dared* to say before."

"And you told him then that you knew?"

She bent her head.

"And you parted — how did you part?"

"You may tell yourself that," said she, with a curve of her proud lip.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Overton, after a time, "to suppose that even a man who behaves ill —"

"Behaves ill! Dear Overton, do not drive me frantic with your calmness and moderation. Behaves ill! And he was false, cruel, treacherous —"

"I don't believe he was one of 'em," said Lord Overton bluntly.

It was the last thing he should have said. It pricked the bursting heart to the quick, and the torrent that now poured forth seemed as though it never could cease, never be quenched.

"And now is my turn," said he at last. "Now, my poor little sister, you have had your say, listen to me. Challoner was sorely tempted. He was let in for a marriage in haste, which he repented of at leisure, and I presume he always hoped it would come to an end of itself —"

"You have no right to say so."

"I have, for it is the truth. Do you imagine I would put forth such a state-

ment without good foundation for it? Now listen. He was thus engaged, and thus repenting, when he fell in with you. He loved you —"

"Loved me with what sort of love!"

"Loved you against his will, against his honor, and against his conscience. I believe in such love," said Overton simply.

"Believe in it!" gasped she.

"Believe in its reality, believe in its efficacy, believe in its power. See, Matilda, try to follow me; Matilda, Challoner is not a very young man to be caught by a pretty face; and, as I understand, it was not a pretty face that did so catch him. Probably he wished to have a home of his own, and this young lady who — who was well endowed, and who was looked out for him — my dear, I *know* that it was so —"

"I don't see that it matters."

"It does, not matter, in a way. It was not a case of caprice, or fickleness, on Challoner's part: she never had his heart, I am fully convinced, and then he came here, and saw his mistake. I may be wrong in this, but my belief is that he never fully understood what he had done until —" he paused.

"Well?"

"Until he knew you."

"He ought never to have known me. He ought never to have got to know me. He ought to have gone away —"

"And did he not try to go away?"

"Never — after the first."

"He was caught, then," said Overton, with a grim smile. "Yes, you, Matilda, you caught him. Stop, I don't say intentionally, for we can all remember —" still smiling — "how badly, how abominably you treated him on that first evening they dined here, Whewell and he — but I think you contrived to do away with that impression tolerably soon afterwards, did you not?"

"Not until he —"

"Not until he led the way? Perhaps. And perhaps the ill impression never existed — for I fancied, although I never said so, that the mischief had begun before any of the rest of you — before even Challoner himself suspected it."

"Suppose it had, suppose it had," tapping the floor with her foot, "there was time enough. I had given *him* no thought then, at any rate."

"True. And no doubt he should not have given a second thought to you. I wonder," said Lord Overton, musing, "I wonder if he could have helped it."

"Overton!"

"Well?"

"Of course he could have helped it. Would you have behaved so?"

"I have never been tried."

"Would any man of honor?"

"Oh, lots."

"I do not say they would have come back the second time, Matilda, as Challoner did," pursued the speaker, "nor do I say that he did not very weakly and —"

"And wickedly —"

"And wickedly perhaps, give way to his feelings; but I do say that the feeling itself which he entertained for you was true, pure, and genuine — also that it was very strong, and overmastered him. Any one could see that."

"Well, well," rejoined Matilda impatiently. "Let it be so. What is it to either of us now? The thing is past and done —"

"But now he is free."

"Free? Well? Free? What does that signify to us, either?"

"I want you to forgive him, dear."

"That I shall never do."

Then there was a long pause, and Overton was the first to break it.

"He is very miserable," he said.

No reply.

"I am afraid, from what I hear, he is — worse."

"And yet I am to forgive him?"

"And yet you are to forgive, and to save him."

"That is nonsense, Overton, if you mean — I know the sort of thing you mean. Oh, I'll forgive him — forgive him if you like — but let it end there. People can't have everything. Mr. Challoner had his choice once, and he threw away the substance for the shadow, like the dog in the fable."

"Matilda, Matilda, how hard you are! You were not so hard once. You were all tenderness and pity for that poor boy who's gone. How you bore with him, pleaded for him, excused him! You would never see his vices —"

"Don't call them that."

"I must call them what they were," he said sternly. "You, who stand out for truth, can't give the same thing different names for different people. Poor Teddy was not altogether responsible, it is true; but he had sense enough to be bad, and bad he would have been — and was — but for you. You reclaimed him. You made an entire change in him. I may say I hope, by God's mercy, you saved him. Will you never try what you can do with — another?"

"How can I?"

But he thought his words had told.

"There is but one way, indeed," he said softly. "Forget the past, believe in the future, take him as he is, with all his faults, with all his sins — take him, and bid him sin no more. Matilda, I feel a solemn certainty that he would obey you. I have a faith in Challoner that refuses to be shaken. Stay," arresting her as she would have spoken, "stay, I know what you say, but I say it might, it could, it ought to be done. You are the person who must do it — you alone can rescue Challoner from the course on which I fear he has entered. He is not naturally depraved. He has no bias toward evil. Far from it — all his desires and inclinations are on the side of right, and he has a disposition to all that is great and noble. You yourself, Matilda, have observed this; you thought him —"

"Oh, what did I not think him!" cried she bitterly.

"And do you not now see," pursued her brother, "that those very aspirations must have been against him, must have stood in his way, when he contrasted you with — God forgive me if I do her injustice — with that poor young lady to whom he was bound. I have heard from several that she was a light-minded, frivolous girl, and that it had often been wondered at how one of her shallow pretensions could have satisfied a man like Challoner. Those who made the remark knew nothing of the circumstances of the engagement naturally, but the better informed made no secret of their persuasion that the match was entirely of Lady Fairleigh's making, and could never have answered. You look as if you would ask how I have learned all this? It has been a work of time. I have sifted into the worth of every piece of information I have received — and it was really extraordinary from what unexpected quarters the information sometimes came — but I would not mention it to you till I had made sure that it was no will-o'-the-wisp that was leading me on. It was only yesterday that the last authentic account of Challoner himself reached me — Challoner, as his friends — or so they call themselves — now assert him to be —"

"And what do they assert him to be?"

"Miserably poor, obstinately reckless, wild, mad, lost. Mind this is what *they* say, not what *we* need believe. That there is some truth in it, I fear is but too likely; but the changes were not of a nature — in short, you may trust me, my

dear sister, Challoner is not irreclaimable; one pure spot in his heart still attests to the impression made by you."

"What else did you hear?" she said, very low.

"He persists in refusing to take anything from the Tufnells, who are anxious to settle on him some of the portion he would have had with their daughter. His brothers and sisters have quarrelled with him, because he will not be provided for again in the way Lady Fairleigh approves; he will court no second heiress. His friends find him bad company, and go where it is merrier. He is no credit to any one. I could tell you more, and will by-and-by—but what I want now is that you should feel—Matilda, now is the time to hold out a hand to a drowning man. Your hand—"

"It is not strong enough."

"It is—it is. It is the only hand that is strong enough. Matilda, you are born to lead, to attract, to control men—women too, but more especially men. They cannot but admire you, they are impelled to follow you. Unconsciously you sway them to and fro, while your mind, naturally strong and self-reliant, is uninfluenced except when reason and judgment approve."

She shook her head, but he continued. "I have known you from infancy, and no one so well as I knows that this is the truth. Look at our poor Teddy. It was wonderful the reformation your patient working wrought in him. You could do with him whatever you would—as a rule; of course, there were times when he passed beyond your reach, but that was his unhappy infirmity, in general he was yours to mould to your will. How he clung to you, how he loved you, and—how he feared you! I am your subject too, my dear, your very loyal and most submissive subject; and as for Challoner, he worshipped the very ground you trod upon."

"And yet he duped, deceived, betrayed me," cried she, trembling.

"True, but he loved you. When a man like Challoner marries a good woman—"

"Good women should not marry bad men."

"Women like you should. You are a noble, resolute, reasonable creature, not a newly hatched miss just out of her teens, weak, yielding, amiable—"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"My dear Matilda!"

She was laughing, but not hysterically, as he feared, though it may have been, and probably was because of quivering on

the brink of tears that the laugh came, but all the same it was spontaneous, it was like herself.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! So I am not amiable; weak and yielding, I have never pretended to be—but amiable? Oh, my dear Overton, it will take all your wits to fumble out of that hole."

"It is not a question of wits," said her brother quietly. "I have put the case before you, badly I suppose, but still so that you can understand it. You know what I mean, and I think that between us two, it matters very little how I express myself. Challoner loves you, and Challoner is going to the devil. I ask you now, Will you save him, or not?" And without another word, he instantly left the room.

CHAPTER XLII.

"CAN I WISH HIM TO LIFT HIS EYES TO YOU?"

"Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, however witty.
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity."

SIR W. RALEIGH.

It was not for several days after this that Lord Overton again accosted his sister on the subject which occupied both their thoughts. In the interim they studiously brought forward by turns other topics for discussion, and were laboriously interested in the weather, the harvest, their neighbors, or anything that was going on in the village; but at length came an opportunity, and Matilda knew by her brother's smile that he was going to make it one.

"Well?" he said. "Well?"

But she only turned away.

Then he let a week go by, and watched closely to see if there were any signs of improvement. He thought there were—fancied he detected an increase of animation and alertness, and too hastily endeavored to reap the fruit whereof these were the seeds.

Matilda only shook her head, and bade him, with a sigh, desist. It was no good; she could not see things as he did. She was sorry, but she could not help herself; she must go her own way.

But all at once, and that without a breath of preparation, the scene changed.

His sister had been over at Endhill—that going over to Endhill had become more of a duty than ever of late, there was so seldom anything to make the visit a reward for the exertion, and as a rule there was nothing to relate about it after—

ward—and it was accordingly with the utmost surprise that on the occasion above alluded to he learned that Endhill had at last come to the front, and that while he at home was at a loss for any new argument or representation wherewith to assail deaf ears, Endhill had in point of fact done his work, and done it with success.

An angry brightness sparkled in his sister's dark eye, the color went and came in her cheek, and her voice in vain sought to steady itself as she laid a hand on his arm—a weak, imperative, clinging hand. “Overton,” she said, “Overton——”

“What is it, my dear?”

“Send for him. You may. I give you leave. I——” and she burst into tears.

“What is it?” exclaimed he, dumb-founded. “What has happened? Don’t cry, Matilda. Here, sit down. There now, tell me about it. What is the meaning of all this?”

“It was they—Robert and Lotta,” sobbed she. “They began about him. I never thought they would have done that, when they knew, oh, they knew enough to have kept them quiet, knew at least it could not have been very—very pleasant to—to me to hear his name, and still less as—as they spoke it. How do you think they did speak of him? Of Robert’s friend, remember—of the man whom they themselves brought here and introduced to us, dear baby’s godfather, and—and all—they spoke as if he were a dissolute, abandoned wretch! They had the—the presumption to ‘think it fortunate he had left off coming to see us,’ and to be glad that they had broken with him too. With *him*—a man they are not fit to—the wonder was he ever deigned to enter Robert’s house. And now Lotta, Lotta,” said Lotta’s mother, dashing away her tears, and raising her face, “Lotta, with her most virtuous air, ‘will never think of taking any notice of Mr. Challoner again!’ Lotta! Fancy it, Overton—Lotta take notice of *him*!”

“Ah,” muttered Overton dreamily, “what a nice fellow he was; never in the way; never said the wrong thing; never bothered. If there was a man in the whole world I would have chosen to spend my life with, it was Challoner.”

“But Robert ‘feels it only due to himself to cut his friend dead in the street should he meet him now!’”

“Ah!”

“Robert is quite concerned that you and I should have owed such an acquaintance to him. He hopes that we both un-

derstand it is only of late that Mr. Challoner has so deteriorated. He was quite respectable—at least Robert believes he was quite respectable when he came first to Endhill, otherwise he should never have been invited—but he has heard such an account of him lately from Mr. Whewell—Whewell, mark you—that it has quite put any future intimacy between them out of the question. What do you suppose all this was for, Overton? Was it because they were afraid of me? Then they *shall* be afraid of me. Overton, bring him back, bring him back. We are not too immaculate to touch him, are we, Overton? Thank God, you are no Pharisee, Overton. You would not cast away a poor forsaken soul—oh no, you would seek him out and take him by the hand, and open to him your doors, and give him your all,” weeping afresh. “Oh, brother, it was Christ himself who spoke through you to me the other night. I heard his voice—the Good Shepherd pleading for his lost one—but I stopped my ears and hardened my heart, for my foolish pride stormed up in arms at the remembrance of its wound. I wanted to listen to you, but it seemed as if I could not. I loved you for speaking, but something kept me back; and whenever I felt as if I wanted to yield, so surely as I gave way a little, there came across me some remembrance, some sore spot smarted anew. I could see his face and hear his eager cry, and then my own scorn, which I had vowed should never be recalled. Overton—I am so tired——” And she suddenly dropped into a seat, for she had risen in the excitement of the moment.

“Tired with the struggle,” said he tenderly. “Give it up, Matilda. Think no more of the injury to yourself.”

“Yes; that is what I have been doing,” she replied, in broken accents. “And yet how slight was the wrong to me, compared with what it was to that poor girl in her grave! God be thanked, she cannot be injured, or grieved, or distressed by either of us any more. Oh, I may do it now; I need not fear to do it now. If I can save him——”

“You can,” said Overton, with the authority of calm conviction. “Do not doubt it. There never yet was a sacrifice God did not bless——”

“But it is no sacrifice,” murmured she.

“It is a noble deed, a righteous, glorious, holy enterprise. I was wrong to use the word ‘sacrifice,’” said her brother; “had it been a sacrifice, I should have doubted—indeed, I should never have

desired it; it is only by his possessing your whole, your entire affection — nay, don't be ashamed of it, my dear sister — it is to this I look for your happiness as well as his. You could do nothing unless you loved him as he loves you. God bless you, my dear, and give you strength and courage." He laid his hand on hers, pressed it, rose from her side, and presently went away.

"Now, how will he set about it?" whispered she to herself thereafter.

Perhaps, with her knowledge of Overton's tendencies and habits, it was not to be wondered at that she should experience some anxiety on this head. Balaam's ass — She stopped to laugh and scold herself for the shameful allusion; but still — Balaam's ass had undoubtedly spoken words of wisdom, such as had never before astonished the ears of any living being at Overton Hall. Had she not been so overpowered and engrossed, she must have been struck with the strangeness of the thing — but like the prophet, the purport of the speech had diverted her attention from the speaker, and it was only on reflection that she had time to consider whether her good brother's newly acquired judgment and discrimination would carry him on to the end of the chapter.

Few of the quicksands of life had ever come in Overton's way, and amidst these few he had invariably had to be taught how to steer. Now, could he take the helm into his own hand? But if not, what was to be done, for there was assuredly no one else.

And suppose he had already started on the wrong track? Suppose he had taken for granted, on insufficient grounds, that Challoner still cared for herself? He had said not, but was he to be trusted on this point? Suppose Challoner had ceased to desire a reconciliation? Suppose he had even some one else?

It would be too dreadful if anything were now to go amiss; if she were to be shown to have humiliated herself in vain, met a man half-way who had no intention of meeting at all.

Nay, why should anything be advanced on her side? She was willing to forgive; but should she not at least be sued for forgiveness? She would suffer herself to be approached; but some desire to approach ought surely to be evinced. Disturbed and uneasy afresh, she longed that Overton should speak again, and wondered, when several days elapsed, and he made no sign.

It was not to be borne longer.

"Are — are you going to do anything?" she asked.

"Certainly I am. You gave me permission."

"But when?"

"At once. I have only been making sure of where he is."

"Where is he?"

"In little poky rooms in a back street. He is too poor now to afford his old lodgings in the Albany —"

"That accounts for Robert and Lot —"

"And think of it, Matilda, in this boiling August weather. London in August! and lodgings in a back street in London!"

And involuntarily he looked around on the beautiful flower-beds, the lawns, the grassy parks, and great shaded avenues of Overton. They were together in Matilda's bower, and even that cool and chosen spot was scarce bearable in the fierce sunshine that blazed overhead.

"London must be like the infernal regions," said Overton.

Then he added slowly, —

"I am going there to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed she, with a start.

"To-morrow. Yes, I have settled to go up to-morrow. There is nothing to keep me now. I got the correct address this morning. He has taken his name off all his old clubs. I dare say he can't pay the subscription; but he is to be found at a cheap little place, newly started, and there I shall look in upon him about luncheon-time. If he is out, I shall either wait, or go again."

"What will you say to him?"

"You must leave that to me, my dear."

"Dear Overton, you will not —"

"Not what?"

"Not — bungle."

"I dare say I shall," said Overton, laughing. "I have very little doubt I shall bungle horribly, but that cannot be helped. I cannot well have you prompting at my elbow —"

"Oh, don't jest."

"You may coach me beforehand, if you like, however. I will try to remember anything very particular, if you din it into me. But I warn you I fancy I shall do best let alone. I know what I have got to do. I have got to bring him back —"

"But, dear Overton, be sure, do be sure, first, that he wants to come. Oh, don't," cried Matilda, clasping her hands in an agony of earnestness, "don't show

too soon. Just think if it should not be as we suppose! if he does not wish to — to —"

"You are not half so loyal to him as I am, Matilda. I would stake half my estate that Challoner is true to you."

"Do you call it being 'true' to me? Well, I will not quarrel for a word. Only if you are so sure, so very sure, dear Overton, just keep back your confidence from showing itself too quickly. Pretend a little for my sake. See," cried she, with imploring countenance, "see that it comes from him, not from you. Oh, he can speak when he pleases. He is not so diffident as you think; he could be bold enough once —"

"Do you mean that he is likely to come forward as suitor for your hand now — now that he is —"

"But you would not offer it to him unless he does?"

"Now, Matilda, be reasonable. Is it likely that I should offer your hand to any man alive? Is it probable that I would lower you in the eyes of one whom I would have look up to you as to an angel? But, at the same time, can I expect — can I ever wish that Challoner should lift his eyes to you at all, unless I show him that old scores are to be clean wiped out between us, and that he may be again what he was before — our friend?"

Matilda made no remark.

"As a friend — merely as a friend — I shall ask him here. If he refuses to come, as I expect he will refuse, it will rest with me to discover the motive. Trust me for once, my dear sister," concluded he, "not because I am the fittest person to act for you, but because I am the only one. I will not betray you. If I fail — but cheer up, my heart tells me that I shall not fail. To-morrow morning I go to town to fetch Challoner, and to-morrow evening sees him here."

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHALLONER FOUND.

"A voice from out the future cries
On, on — but o'er the past,
(Dim gulf) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

LONDON out of the season, London abandoned to people who cannot get away, to schools let loose, to homeless cats, to all that is vagrant, shabby, and unsightly, is perhaps as little tempting a spot and as great a contrast to London in the glory of the early spring and summer, as can be imagined.

To Jem Challoner it was misery absolute and unmitigated. All his companions and associates had gone their several ways, the long continuance of the hot weather having driven them one after another earlier than usual to more favored haunts; but though one had his yacht, another his moor, though all had flitted off somewhere or other out of sight, it mattered not where, he had not so far followed their example.

In truth, he had nowhere to go; that is to say, there was nowhere he cared to go.

He had not indeed been exactly forbidden the homes of his brothers and sisters, as Whewell had insinuated, but neither had he been tempted thither by any desire on his own part, or any inordinate amount of pressing on theirs. His brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law were not, as a rule, to his mind; they were formal people with fixed ideas; and among them the notion was that Jem was not much of a family man; he did not care to linger among the women of his own set, and he could not be always among the men who, indeed, though some of them were his own kin, were of another stamp to himself. He had ever been unlike the rest — unlike Tom, who was so demure and prudent; Will, whose selfishness was so cleverly veiled; and Neddy, who was such a boor — Jem had been unlike them all, and had looked down upon them all. It was now their turn to look askance upon him; and so the ladies, their good wives, soon let him discover. For, considered they, it would have been too tiresome to have had a whole bedroom stopped up, and a place at the table, and seat in the carriage always pre-engaged; moreover, to have had to arrange for a shooting man to shoot, and a smoking man to sit up late, and a dozen other things which must have been done, once the bachelor brother were given the run of the house.

The husbands themselves, perhaps, were not urgent. Jem was a dull companion at this time, and there was not much chance to be got out of him on any score. His long face at meals was not conducive to a good digestion; and why the deuce couldn't he play the amiable and trot about with the girls and children afterward, instead of lounging about doing nothing from morning to night?

Challoner was not in a mood for children and frolicking; and that was the truth. He was heavy-hearted, preoccupied, down in his luck, unable for any exertion, and indisposed for any amuse-

ment. The only prospect that found any favor in his eyes was that of going somewhere where he had never been before, and among people he had never known in other days. An invitation which promised both these requisites had been half promised ere the season broke up; and on it his hopes now hung with a concentration and tenacity which was piteous. A friend, with a breezy Scottish moor, had "hoped to see him by-and-by, when he had seen his lodge and its accommodation, and would write so soon as he should be making up his party."

But day after day passed, and no letter came.

He looked over his guns, and polished them: he ordered shooting-boots; he had his portmanteau strap mended; and then he walked and walked about the dreary streets, among rows and rows of closed and papered windows, passed beneath the painters' ladders on the pavements, saw the maids gossiping from their mistresses' windows, saw their sweethearts boldly scale the front doors, and grew to hate the sultry and fetid place more and more each day.

At length a glorious morning — glorious even in London — tempted him to take his dog earlier than usual for his daily splash in the Serpentine — his hour for this, the chief event of the day, being usually six o'clock or so — but the dog was restless, and the day was utterly vacant; he thought he would break through the rule — go in the morning, and return to lunch at his club — the poor little club which Overton had mentioned as the only one Challoner could now afford to belong to. In front of it whom should he now behold but Lord Overton himself.

"Overton, I thought it must be you," he said — for a meeting could not be avoided, and it must be borne in mind that there had been no open split between the two, and that Teddy's fatal accident and old Mr. Challoner's demise following so shortly upon it was supposed to account fully for their having drifted apart of late — "Overton, I — what a time it is since — come in and have some luncheon. Were you looking for me?"

"I had only just come. Yes, thanks, I'll have some luncheon. They told me you would be in about now," replied Overton, in the same ordinary, every-day tone. "Hot, isn't it? You have been out early?"

"Been to give my dog a dip."

Then they sat down, and luncheon was ordered. Luncheon was ordered, brought, eaten and drunk, and no pause was suf-

fered to lift its awkward head into the conversation; to all appearance the pair who sat chatting thus socially and uninterruptedly, partaking of their little meal across the little table — neither had much appetite, but that might have passed — to the outward eye the two were pleased to meet, and found plenty of agreeable topics wherewith to chase the flying minutes — and no one would have guessed that the one was talking against time, and the other against memory.

"I have not very long to wait," said Lord Overton, at last. "Thanks, no, I won't smoke. I'll just —" rising and looking round. "It is quiet over there; if you don't mind, we'll just go over," moving across the large room to a distant recess, "we shall be undisturbed there, and I want to see you by yourself for a moment," he took out his watch.

Challoner stood mute by his side.

"Yes, I see I have more time than I thought," continued the speaker. "I thought it had been later."

"What is it you want to do?"

"It — well — ahem! Have you any engagement for this afternoon?"

"None whatever."

"For to-morrow? For this week?"

"N — no. Not that I know of. I am expecting letters; I may be off any day, but no — I have nothing fixed. What is it? Anything I can do for you?"

"Challoner," said his friend abruptly, "I want you to go back with me."

It cannot be said that the proposal was altogether unexpected, for so well had the part of ignorance and innocence been sustained, that even although Overton might be presumed to know more than he chose to reveal, it still remained dubious to what extent his knowledge went. Accordingly, in view of a hospitable offer Challoner had prepared himself, and was now capable without much effort of putting forth the regrets and excuses which he had been able to think of. He was not really free, he said; he was awaiting another summons, had half agreed, and feared it would hardly be the thing to draw back and throw his friends over.

"Yes, I understand," said Overton quietly. "These are all very good excuses, quite sufficient excuses; but, old fellow, is there any *one*, any *other*, any *real* reason? Don't answer me if you would rather not, you know; still — I wish you would."

"I will," said Challoner, his own tone changing also. "I will, Overton, if you wish it. There is."

"My sister?"

"Your sister."

"I know something of what passed between you and her," rejoined Overton readily; "but that *has* passed—it belongs to the past. Can you let it remain so? Bury it with the things that are forgotten, and come and see her and me as friends—nothing more—friends who will be glad to receive you, and from whom you need fear no—no—in short, we are ready to forgive and forget, Challoner. Come, we want to be friends with you; can you and will you as frankly be friends with us?"

"No," said Challoner, looking out of the window; "no—I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because—Why not? Because I cannot. That's all."

"At least say why."

"No, Overton. No, I can't say why. Don't ask me."

"Is it the past that prevents it?"

"The past? Ye—es. Partly."

"Only partly?"

"Overton, since you *will* have it, the past is nothing; it is the future I am afraid of. You are very good—far, far too good to offer me your friendship. Don't be hard on me that I cannot accept it—at least, I will not do you that wrong. I—*he* drew in his under lip with a long deep breath, and bit it.

"Go on," said Overton, waiting.

"How can I go on? You know what it is—the old story. And though it may be past—past with you, past with her, it is *not* past, it never will be past with me. It—would be again and again and again to the end of my life. I could not trust myself. The very sight of you—"

"Oh."

Challoner had turned away his face, but it had already betrayed enough.

"Now," he said, between his teeth, "now you see why I dare not come."

"You are afraid it would begin all over again?"

"Begin!" ejaculated Challoner, with a short laugh. "Begin! Look here, Overton; there would never be anything to begin, for it has never ended, and never will end. I love your sister as madly now, heaven help me, as I ever did—and so I shall love her to the end of time. I have never ceased to think of her, and I never shall cease. I am too old," with a bitter smile. Then a break. Then he began again. "There—say no more. You were always kind. Give me your hand, if you can, and don't, please, ask me to your

house again. Thanks, I understand," holding the hand hard down for a moment, and again turning away his face.

"Challoner," said Overton, "I thought as much."

"You thought as much? And still—"

"And still I came; that was why I came. Do you see now? But don't mistake, I have no right to lead you to suppose—at least, I have no message—that is to say, Matilda is just what she was, what she always was, only—only I can't bear to see her—and we have lost Teddy—and we are very lonely, she and I—and—and—so you just come back with me," he broke off suddenly.

"Overton," said Challoner, after a long silence, during which he had been choking down emotions which were almost too much for him, "Overton, if I were not such a—a—Confound it, I ought to have *something* to say. It's—too—much—"

"And now we understand each other," rejoined Overton cheerily, "and we have only twenty minutes to spare. Shall we have aansom? Or shall I stop here while you run over to your room? Don't stop to pack. Tell them to send your portmanteau down by a later train. Tell them to send everything, mind: you won't be back in a hurry. I say, don't be long. We ought to be at the station by 3.30."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"IS IT POSSIBLE?"

"Thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo; and I think I hear
That thou yet lov'st me."

SHELLEY.

LADY MATILDA sat by the sea, beneath an overhanging cliff, whose face was spread with ivy, and whose brow was shaded by the thickest foliage.

It was her favorite seat: she had a rustic bench constructed there; and Challoner knew the way to the place.

Thither she had betaken herself as the time drew near when her brother might be expected to return. The cooler air from the water beneath was grateful to her burning brow; and the silence of its placid breast—for not a ripple broke upon the shore—soothed her restless, agitated brain.

Now that the step had actually been taken, that Overton had gone beyond recall, and that she had every reason to suppose that a meeting had taken place—for indeed they might be looked for at any minute—the dog-cart had gone to meet the train half an hour before—Matilda

was nearly beside herself with suspense, anxiety, and something very like shame.

"Oh, how I wish he had not gone!" she now cried, with fretful sighs and groans; "I should never have let him go. Some other plan might have been thought of. It was my fault — my doing; I hurried him, I encouraged him, or else he would have taken a second thought himself, and waited. Now he will have seen his mistake. I shall have him coming back alone, I know I shall; and it will be so dreadful — so dreadful for us both. I am glad I am here; at least, I am not sitting up in state in the drawing-room as if I expected anybody. It will be easier to hear what he has to say if he finds me casually here: he knows where to look. Hark!"

Her heart was in her throat; her pulses seemed to cease beating.

Yes, yes, yes!

Voices, men's voices, and steps approaching overhead — approaching very rapidly, running down the little stone path, Overton calling out something as he turned the corner, and another — another answering.

The blood slowly left Matilda's cheek; her limbs shook beneath her as she rose from her seat; a blinding vision seemed to swim before her eyes; and then, "How do you do?" said a gentle voice with sweet composure. "You must have had a dusty journey. The servants told you where I was?"

"Matilda," said her brother, taking her hand in his, "Matilda, this is a friend whom I have brought to see you. I have brought him, it remains for you to keep him here." He took a long look in her face, and put the hand in that of Challoner.

Before either of them could raise their eyes from the ground, he was gone.

"Was I wrong to come?" said Challoner at last. "He tempted me, God bless him, and I — I was too weak to resist. Wherever and however I am, a word from you, a sight of you, must needs bring me. And if I now might dare to hope that those presumptuous hours could ever be forgiven — Matilda — Matilda!" Ere he had finished, he held her weeping in his arms.

"And you *forgive*?" said he presently, in a low and almost awe-stricken tone. "You, whom I so cruelly wronged, so shamefully loved. You, Matilda, so proud, so stainless; you — care for me? Even for me. Listen, I have led a wretched, worth-

less, useless life — and since you cast me off, rightly cast me off — a miserable one. I am sick of it, ashamed of it, loathe it. I don't want to live and die like a dog. You don't know, you can't think, women like you, what it is to let go a hold upon everything that keeps a man from sinking down to the dregs, down to the bottomless pit. It is months since I have gone through even the form of a prayer, or heard the name of God. Respectable, well-doing young fellows keep away from me; I am not good company for such as them. People who liked me well enough once, have forgotten what I was like then. I am lean and shabby-looking, I know, but I don't think my appearance can have altered so much in a twelvemonth, do you? No, it is not that. They don't *choose* to know me; it is convenient to have forgotten. My own family — well, I don't trouble them, and they are grateful to me for that. I go my own way; I am alone in the world. You know it? What? You have heard, you had already learned all this, and still? Oh, you angel of mercy, you don't shrink from me? Ah, don't weep — is it because you love me? My God, is it possible you still so love me! Matilda, before heaven, I have told you all. Bad as I am, I am not utterly foul. I may dare to touch you. My wife — if indeed you will be my wife — need not fear that there has ever been or ever will be more to tell. And should I take this hand, this dear hand, before the altar," a sob stuck in his throat, she could only catch a word here and there — "forgiveness — pardon — my Maker —"

"I shall never be worthy of you," said Challoner again, "but I will strive day by day to be less unworthy. And you, my dearest, you," looking at her, "you are paler, thinner. You sadly need taking care of. I shall take such charge of you —"

"Yes," said Matilda, with her own smile, "I want a tyrant."

"You miss him, don't you?" whispered Challoner, softly.

"Miss him! Oh," cried Matilda, raising her head from his shoulder, "oh, that silence, when every dumb thing seems to speak of my boy; when every spot I go to reminds me of him, when there are all his things about, when his poor dog follows me from place to place — it would never come to me before," said Matilda, weeping, "and now it lies outside his door, keeping watch still for a master who never comes. Oh, how I miss him!

Oh, speak of him, speak of him; I have had no one, no one all this time; Overton, dear kind Overton is so affectionate to me, but he thinks — he feels — it is almost a merciful relief to him at times that poor Teddy is not here. Teddy *did* trouble him; he *was* a care — but then I loved him so. I would give anything to talk and talk, and ease the pain."

"My poor darling."

By-and-by it was — "Matilda, you can't think how I long to hear what no one but you can tell me, the history of that terrible day. Was it," holding her close to his heart, "was it Teddy who told you?"

"Yes."

"How had he heard?"

"He had been sent to find out. Yes, he had been sent," said Matilda, lifting up her face suddenly flushed. "Who do you think had sent him? Mr. Whewell. That spy" (no words can express the scorn with which she said "That spy") — "he had the — the — he dared to make use of my poor boy," and she gave at full length her version, her woman's version of the story.

"He was right," said Challoner, when he had heard all. "He was right. It was the thing to do."

"Right!" Matilda looked her amazement.

"Yes," reiterated he sadly. "He saw you were being deceived, and he knew it would not do to open your eyes on mere hearsay, so he sent your brother to find out the truth direct. He was right to do it."

"Right! I will never speak to him again. And it is he who has been the informant — he has poisoned the minds of the Hanwells — through him Overton heard about you — he tried to stir us up against you — he —"

"Then to him I owe everything," said Challoner, with a smile.

Poor Matilda, she never could get those two lazy men to share her animosities. They laughed at the notion of turning their backs on Whewell from that time forth; they were placidly indifferent to the impertinent amazement and almost open outcry which Challoner's recall occasioned at Eadhill; and — but we anticipate.

Let us take one more peep at the little nook under the cliff on that enchanted evening when paradise was regained for two who had erewhile been so rudely

thrust from it. Gradually as the time passed on, a great calm stole over the mind of each, there was no longer the sense of passionate emotion vibrating to every tone and touch, a solemn gladness, a wondrous peace filled two hearts to overflowing; all concealment, all estrangement was forever at an end between them — forgiveness meant joy unspeakable — even above every earthly joy, for the hand that held out the healing balm stanchd by the act its own wound, and all that that moment meant for time and for eternity was summed up in Challoner's concluding words, "You have saved me."

The sun was sinking in the west, when at length the pair, thus forever reunited, were seen approaching the house, Matilda, as no mortal eye had ever before beheld her, leaning her slender form on the strong arm of another; Challoner gravely and tenderly bending over her, both rather subdued and pale, but with a great joy written on their faces.

"Well?" said Lord Overton, going to meet them and taking the hand of each with a shy smile — "well? How is it to be? Is it to be peace between you two? Well, Challoner? Well, Matilda?"

"Yes, peace," said Matilda.

"You will be very happy," said her brother simply, "and you will make him happy. I am glad I went to-day. And you" — to his friend — "you will just hang up your hat on its old peg, and never take it away any more. We shall get on first-rate, we three. We will go over to Eadhill to-morrow and tell them the news. Of course they will be pleased, and the Applebys too." He was not without a sense of humor, and Juliet had resumed her plaintive attempts at fascination of late. "Everybody will be pleased," said Overton smiling. "It's a nice evening, isn't it? Of course you will not take Matilda away from me, old fellow — what is mine is hers, you know, and she will have everything out-and-out some day, now that she is the only one left — so you cannot do better than be on the spot all along. It's a nice old place, too" — looking around with loving pride — "a nice old place on a night like this."

"Oh," said Challoner, gazing, not on the glowing landscape, not on the gleaming uplands and spreading beeches, but on Matilda's lovely face, now all suffused with love and happiness, "oh, if you could ever think, if you could ever know what it is to me on a night like this!"

POSTSCRIPT CHAPTER.

"For time makes all but true love old,
The burning thoughts that then were told,
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool."

LET us lift the curtain for one moment yet again. Another eighteen months are gone by, and it is another evening — this time an early spring evening, at the Hall.

Two quiet men sit together smoking contentedly under the trees outside; here and there a remark on the unusual mildness of the month and of the pleasure of being able thus to enjoy it, a word on family matters, or on the farm, or the estates — any little thing that either thinks of at the moment, make up the amount of all that passes between them. They understand one another, seldom find much to say, but are always at ease in each other's company.

But see, a voice calls from an upper window, and the scene changes. A merry, laughing, frolicsome babe is being held up for the father and uncle to see — shouts of glee come through the open casement — the boy beats his hand on the window — Overton claps his in return — Challoner cocks his walking-stick as a make-believe gun to shoot the rascal.

Gesticulations, repudiation, fist-shaking from the window. The two outside smile at the mimic indignation of the infant, and the enthusiasm of the fair nurse. "Come out, Matilda; come out," cries Challoner, beckoning.

She cannot come that moment, will join them presently, and by-and-by she flits forth through the garden door — baby has gone to sleep, he was in his little nightgown when she held him up, did they not see? — and as she sits down between the two, Challoner rises to place her, as though she had been a queen on her throne, and then he throws himself on the grass at her feet, and she feels his hand clasp hers beneath the folds of her dress.

"How well this marriage has turned out," comments Overton to himself, as he sits approvingly by — they never want him to go away at these times, he knows he is always welcome, and somehow he remains in the family circle more and more, and it is only when Matilda goes to her own little boudoir and Challoner follows her there, that he turns off into the library as he used to do, and waits until some social

call brings them together again — "How well this marriage has turned out, and what a brave girl Matilda was to venture upon it! Not one in a thousand would have been generous enough to forgive as she did, and hopeful enough to trust him as she did." (He takes no credit to himself, he forgets almost altogether that he had any hand in the affair — but that is Lord Overton's way.) "And now how happy we are," he concludes, "and what a good fellow Jem Challoner is! I never knew a better fellow. What is he saying now? Matilda's picture? Matilda's picture with the young 'un in her arms? Come, that's natural enough. I'll have that done. It ought to have been thought of before.

"But now, she wants his? Oh, now, that's another story. I don't know about your ugly phiz, Jem, my boy. Stop, *is* it ugly? Hang me, with that look upon it — he is like a devotee at a shrine — a worshipper before a saint — pronouncing critically now upon that fellow's face, I declare the look that is in it makes the whole face beautiful."

"Jem, Overton is staring at you," cries Matilda merrily. "Is anything wrong with Jem, Overton?"

Overton laughs, shakes his head, turns away his eyes, and goes on with his soliloquy.

"Nothing is wrong with him; everything is right. He is wrapped up in his wife, well off in his home, at peace in his own heart. He has one little son already —"

"Overton, Overton, am I to obey Jem or not?"

"Of course you are to obey Jem."

"He says it is growing too cold for me, and I am as warm as possible."

"The wind has changed," says Jem. "I am going to take her in," and passing his arm round her waist, he draws her away without another word.

"And quite right, too," observes Overton, approving the scene. "Jem must not give way in *everything*. I shall make a point of upholding him whenever they appeal to me. That wilful creature —" And he laughs with pleasure.

For Matilda is Matilda still.

"New years new graces still create," and to the end of the chapter there will still remain all the conflicting, puzzling, enchanting characteristics of the Baby's Grandmother.

From The Contemporary Review.

UNTRODDED ITALY—THE SILA FOREST.

How is it that a large part of Italy is positively unknown to modern travellers? There are no doubt certain established routes, which are as crowded as any in Europe. But beyond these limits lie vast tracts of beautiful scenery, towns full of unspoiled people, and a hoard of interest in manners and costume untouched as yet by the tourist. A large number of strangers go every year to Pæstum—the received limit of southern travel in Italy, and yet in the very next bay lies the site of the famous Velia (the Greek Hyele) from which come most of the genuine antiquities now sold at Naples. The country is lovely; travelling, if rude, is very cheap, and every step is full of historic memories. Yet nobody ventures beyond Pæstum. Indeed this very splendid place, with its great temples, was only discovered by civilized people about a century ago! Every spring an increasing number of tourists make their way through Greece on horseback, and at very great expense. The same kind of travel, and very similar scenery, can be had in Calabria at about one-quarter the daily outlay. And yet nobody seems ever to go even along the train lines south of Pæstum. The line from Eboli passing through the mountains of the Basilicate, and then down to Metapontum, is one of the most beautiful in Europe. From each station lovely excursions are possible—nay, even to ascend from the station to the town which it represents, is often an excursion in itself. The food procurable is not bad, and beds generally clean; the people are most kind and attentive, and yet no one seems to try the experiment. In southern Calabria, the country lies so high, that the climate is quite temperate in summer; it is easily reached by steamers, or by train; horses are always to be had, and yet, though both people and country are far more interesting than they are in most of Sicily, I never could find out that any stranger had gone through it, except the artist, Mr. Lear, many years ago, and lately Fr. Lenormant, but only in part. The Sila district, which I am about to describe, was seen by neither of them. The writer of Baedeker's "Southern Italy" seems perfectly ignorant of anything but the railway line, and excuses or vindicates his ignorance by telling his readers that the country is disgustingly rude and dirty, unsafe, and therefore not fit for travellers. This is a new point of view from which to write a guide-book, and yet Baedeker has

published a very minute guide-book to Greece, where the travelling is in every way ruder, the accommodation worse, and the expense much greater.

It cannot be said that the east coast of Italy presents equal attractions; but still how much there is well worthy of a visit! Not to speak of Ravenna, now well known, and Rimini, who visits Loretto, or the republic of San Marino; who stays at Ancona; who goes out from Foggia to that wonderful headland, the Monte Gargano, with its monasterial fame, and its great mediæval memories; who wanders through that second Garden of Eden in richness, the lands between Trani and Bari? Who except Mr. Freeman knows the splendor and curiosities of Bari with its great churches and quaint tortuous alleys and archways? * From the great plains of Apulia, who ascends to Venusia or Canusium, where the fugitives from Cannæ gathered; or goes, though he can do it by train from either coast, to Beneventum, the old home of Samnite wealth and independence?

The main causes are no doubt twofold. In the first place, a reputation for insecurity, once obtained, haunts a country long after it is thoroughly pacified, and people who desire to travel for pleasure very properly object to incurring risks of life or property. Even to the present day, Greece, one of the most peaceful and secure of countries, bears about her neck the crimes of 1871, and so the very phrase "Calabrian banditti" will keep travellers from venturing into this untrodden country. Crime is of course to be found in every country. Burglaries are common in England, and there are parts of London where a stranger is perhaps not really safe. Agrarian murders occur in Ireland—a country where no traveller has ever been molested in our memory. So it is desirable before entering upon an excursion to Calabria or Greece, to ask the prefect of the province or the chief of the police, whether he thinks it safe. If some miscreants have escaped from justice, or are skulking in the mountains from the pursuit of the law, he will tell you so. At most times the country is as safe as the middle of England.

In the second place, some colloquial knowledge of Italian is indispensable, for though a few officials profess to speak French, they rarely understand it even

* The Greek spoken in some villages near Bari has been proved by Lenormant to be Byzantine Greek, introduced by colonists of the eleventh century, not, as was supposed, the relics of the old Greek colonization.

superficially, and the traveller will do better with any Italian, however bad, than any French, however good. When I say a colloquial knowledge, it must be distinctly understood that neither fluent Italian nor correct Italian is necessary. But Italian of some sort it must be. I often asked young officers quartered in Calabria, how it was that they had not learned French, and they answered me simply enough that it did not form part of their examination. This will soon be the answer of every ignorant person in the world.

Books of travel and guide-books for Greece are so plentiful, that it seems almost incredible that information on Calabria is so hard to be found. This is my reason for saying something about the most striking part of it—the Sila mountains, which I visited in 1882. The main attraction to any one who studies Roman history is this: that Hannibal seemed able to stay in this district as long as he chose, keeping the whole power of the Romans at bay with a small force. The last four years of the Punic War he spent in this part of Bruttia, and he only left it because he was recalled to meet the Romans in Africa, not because they were able to dislodge him. But if there had been no Hannibal, and the place had no history, it is well worth visiting for its own sake. There are, indeed, not many antiquities to be seen there. It is not likely that the Greek settlers ever made any stay in these mountains except to keep in order the wild mountaineers, who used to swoop down on the rich trading cities of the coast, and who ultimately, aided by Samnites, overcame and enslaved the Hellenic shopkeepers of the coast. At Tiriolo, one of its loveliest villages, there was found long ago one of the most important specimens of old Latin, the *Senatus consultum de Bacchanalibus*. But apart from all this, the Sila is a very remarkable place in all natural respects. In the first place, it is a great granite island rising out of later formations, and was once, as the geologists tell us, standing alone in the sea, before Italy existed. This peculiarity makes its rivers quite clear, and hence there is excellent trout-fishing all through it—a unique thing, so far as I know, in Italy, the country of muddy rivers. Then there are still, and there always were, great natural forests, which have not yet been cut down and burnt. There is plenty of shooting also, I believe, and so far as I could judge from a visit in spring, it would be

worth a tour from that view alone, if one could boast the acquaintance of the Barone Baracco, who owns most of the district, and probably preserves it in antique feudal fashion. There are not only wild boars, but wolves there, not to speak of ordinary game. This Sila forest is mentioned in Virgil's *Georgics* as being the scene of the great battle of the bulls, and Polybius tells us, that when a monstrous ship had been built at Syracuse by Hiero (which he ultimately presented to a Ptolemy, for want of a harbor to hold it), the mainmast was for a long time sought in vain, till a swineherd found an adequate tree in the Sila forest, which was conveyed to the coast under the charge of a special engineer.

There are three ways of ascending into this great stronghold, which is so high and cold that the Italians regard it as a summer resort, and will not visit it till June. We found snowstorms there in April, and the rivers so full and wintry that fishing seemed idle. But the journey from England there in summer would be intolerably hot by land, so in that season the proper route would be by sea to Naples, either all the way or at least from Marseilles. At Naples one should take a coasting steamer down to Paola, below the old Gulf of Laüs (Policastro), where the Sybarites had established their Tyrrhenian mart, and sent their merchandise across the narrow neck of land north of the Sila, thus avoiding the long round by the Straits of Messina, and ousting the southern cities of their old advantage. From Paola, a most picturesque port, a carriage road brings the traveller in about three hours to Cosenza, which is the capital of that district, surrounded by thirty-six flourishing villages up to the slopes of the Grande Sila. From Cosenza a mule takes you up at once into the heights, along the great military road, which has brought security into these once pathless wilds.

There is a railway from the opposite coast (Buffaloria) to Cosenza (Consentia), following the track of the old thoroughfare across the peninsula, up the valley of the Crati, the highway which, as I have just explained, made the fortune of Sybaris. This valley is the boundary between the northern Abruzzi, which culminate in the gigantic Monte Pollino, and the great mountain mass of which I am speaking. From Cosenza a sort of mail diligence skirts and partly crosses the Sila to Catanzaro at the south end; but the traveller will do far better to take po-

nies or mules, or to walk with a knapsack. He must so arrange his day as to reach at nightfall one of the towns in the mountains. There are plenty of them—the great plateau immediately over Cosenza is perhaps the largest area without a village in the whole district. When he has reached the heart of these Alps, he should make his resting-place either Cerenzia, or better, S. Giovanni in Fiore, which is the principal place, built on the slope of a great cañon, which separates it with its deep gulf from the opposite mountain. The costume of the place is curious, for while the neighbors all wear the brightest colors, the women of S. Giovanni wear black. We saw them in this gloomy garb on Good Friday, and thought it had been assumed on account of the poignant grief they showed in worshipping the image of the Saviour, lying on a catafalque in their great church. But we were assured that this was their ordinary costume. I cannot help adding a curious feature in the scene. While men and women were contorted with religious agony around the dead Christ, the organ aloft was consoling them by playing an exceedingly vulgar and jocular waltz, full of lively hops and jerks.

The route we followed in 1882 was to come down by train to Cotrone, where there is a good inn, and good red wine, and where the officials and officers quartered were very kind to us. From thence we took ponies at five francs per day—which is also paid for the days they spend in returning, if you desert them far from their home—and food for lunch, and went up the exquisite valley of the Neto. The country reminds one at every turn of Arcadia—I mean the actual Arcadia of today. There is the same vegetation—squills, crocuses, and flowering trees, and in the river-beds brakes of tamarisk and oleander. But we did not find the great glory of Greece, the *Anemone fulgens*. Several times our way took us across the Neto, and here we saw a method employed quite peculiar to the country. The stream is deep and rapid, and hardly to be traversed on horseback. But there was kept in readiness at the ford a strong cart, yoked with a pair of oxen, in which the traveller and muleteers take their place, while the horses are tied on behind. A very small child, with glittering eyes and solemn mien, armed with a long stick, stood in the cart, and drove the oxen through the water, which reached up to our knees. The horses stumbled and swam behind. So we crossed safely by

the weight of our conveyance and the solid resistance of the oxen. The good people tried hard to detain us in Cerenzia, near a great forest, where they promised to let us hear the wolves by night. But we pushed on to S. Giovanni. From this, the proper journey in summer would be over the Monte Nero, the highest summit, to Policastro, and thence to Catanzaro. But when we were there, the snow was too deep, and the weather not settled.

Considering the interest of Cotrone itself, it is perhaps the best starting-point for this journey. The town itself, once the famous Croton, has unfortunately had all its antique materials used up in comparatively modern fortifications. It was, I believe, Charles V. who surrounded it with the massive walls and ramparts it now possesses. But across a small bay to the south, perhaps an hour's sail, we come to the promontory of the columns—*il capo delle Colonne*—where yet stands the solitary Doric pillar which remains of the famous temple of Hera Lacinia. Here it was that all the early Greek colonists made their devotions, and this, like the temple of Apollo at Naxos (near Catania), might be regarded as the great metropolitan cathedral of the Italiotes. Here it was that the mighty Hannibal, when embarking for Africa, after his seventeen years' devastation of Italy, left his proud record of the cities taken, the armies destroyed, the land ravaged, which gave his mortal enemy a blow from which she never recovered. The depopulation of Italy, with all its frightful social consequences, was the work of Hannibal. Foreign plunder was at this very time about to turn the Roman nobles into great capitalists, and they seized the opportunity to establish those great *latifundia* worked by slaves in the deserted tracts, which, as Pliny truly remarked, ruined Italy. The very country of which we are now speaking is at this very day practically under the same system. The working people are practically the slaves of absentee noblemen, who own all the country, and reap all the profit.

If Croton has nothing old remaining but the famous pillar, so in the case of Sybaris we hardly as yet know the site. The rich plain of the Crati and the splendid green slopes which surround it, show us plainly enough why that town had once been celebrated for its wealth in cattle and in fleeces. For on the Crati it certainly was situated, as the Crotoniates turned that river over the ruined city,

in order to complete its destruction. Whether the close windings of the stream still mark the spot, or whether the course has since been changed, or how much of the old material has been carried down to the sea in winter floods, no one can tell. The ruins of Thurii must be somewhere near, and may mislead the first excavator who attempts the problem; for what will have the most exciting interest is the discovery of the remains of the richest of all Hellenic towns, with nothing later than 510 B.C. among its monuments. Who knows what new lights may not then be thrown on Greek art?

I have often pressed Dr. Schliemann to turn his matchless instinct upon this problem. If he could be induced to begin excavations, which the landlord, as I am told, would favor, we might prophesy very large results. But let us now return to our business.

The third way of penetrating into the Sila is by Catanzaro from the south, to which the train from Reggio will bring the traveller, or at least within one and one-half hour's drive of it; for in southern Italy you must not imagine that the station and the town whose name it bears are at all proximate. At Potenza, for example, in the Basilicate, the town is indeed right over the station, but perhaps eight hundred feet over it, so that to go up by carriage is a long and tedious journey. I saw another station—I forget its name—where no town was visible, but where I was shown a road leading from the station down to a river, and rising at the other side to scale a lofty mountain. If you forded the river and pursued the ascent, you might arrive in three hours at the town behind the mountain. On the way from Benevento to Foggia there is a station called Troja-Giardinetto, where I looked out, and saw to the north on the horizon a town occupying the top of a distant hill. On the south was a vast plain, and far away, miles away, was another town. It was clear enough that the station was named after both—one perhaps ten miles away, the other twelve; but when I asked the railway officials which was Troja and which Giardinetto, they began to dispute the matter, and had not settled the question when time was up, and the train went on.

Catanzaro is not so extreme a case, and lies so high on the top of a rock, that a steep ascent from any main line is necessary. It is a large town, also with decent inns, but too large and fashionable for picturesqueness of costume. The people

who go to chapel on Sundays are aping the vulgar dress of Europe, while in the villages but a few miles away, such as Tiriolo or San Geminiano, the women and girls are more splendidly attired on feast days than I ever saw them anywhere. Not even an Easter Day at Monte Cassino, and that is wonderful enough, can compare with it. So that the traveller who prefers unspoiled nature, in man and mountain, to a comfortable inn, will abandon Catanzaro for the higher villages, and hasten to the splendid chestnut, oak, and fir forests of the Sila, with its tumbling rivers, its beautiful birds, and its primitive and interesting peasantry.

It remains to give some further details as to the manner of living and the cost. For it is needless to prescribe routes in a district not so large that its limits cannot be reached at any time in two days, and yet so large and unexplored that weeks might be spent fishing, botanizing, admiring, inquiring from village to village. I have only indicated the modes of approach, and the best centres of radiation. As to the rudeness of living, it has certainly been exaggerated. That excellent traveller, the late François Lenormant, who wandered through many parts of Calabria, not however including the Sila, was said to have ruined his weakened constitution and shortened his life by the hardships of southern Italy.

I cannot believe anything of the kind, though I sympathize with his eloquent complaint, especially at having hare served with chocolate sauce.* But he went in late summer, when the evils of rude countries are at their height. In spring I can testify that we found no insects troublesome, that though the floors were dirty the bedclothes were always perfectly clean, and that at the inns used as restaurants by the officers stationed in each village, we were always able to find respectable food—the spring vegetables, such as salad, being often very fine indeed. Any one who can tolerate travelling in Greece need not fear Calabria. The bills charged us for this kind of living were twelve or thirteen francs per day for both of us, including everything. If the cost of ponies, including one baggage animal, be included, twenty-eight francs per day will represent the cost for two people when they are moving. While staying at any village seven francs each would be ample,

* In his first volume on "Apulia" (pp. 311 seq.) he gives a curious list of the dreadful dishes which were served to him by way of delicacies, in Apulia, Lucania, and Calabria.

and with introductions, it would cost far less. This is considerably cheaper than even the most experienced traveller can manage Greek expeditions—I will not speak of dragomen at fifty francs per day!

As regards comparison of scenery, there is no part of Italy so like Greece as this further Calabria. From Tiriolo looking south, the mountains of Sicily are visible, all the Lipari Islands, and the great mass of Aspromonte, which is the highest point of the next and extremest joint of the toe of Italy. For as the peninsula narrows and descends north of the Sila into a ridge easy of passage, so south of the Sila there is another narrowing, but this is much nearer the strait, so that as a land route it was never so valuable. The country from Catanzaro to Reggio is no doubt full of beauties of its own, as any one can see from Mr. Lear's book, but this is matter for another expedition.* Even from the coast railroad one can see numbers of villages perched on the mountains away from the sea, which was long so infested with lawless pirates. But these heights from Gerace to Reggio never possessed the vast forests, because they had not the extent and seclusion of the Sila, and except Aspromonte itself, they look barren and bare.

The Italian government is making solid and steady progress in the incorporation of this outlying district into the great unity of the peninsula. Not only are there fine military roads now traversing the Sila district—the first known there since the days of the Roman Empire, but a railway along the west coast to Reggio is in progress, and the enlistment of all the youth in the Italian army is teaching the mountaineers something of geography, and of the relations of Calabria to the rest of Italy. If we may trust the experiences of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, they are the hardest men in the peninsula, for it is well known that of all the Italians who were carried off to that frightful disaster, only some *Neapolitans* found their way home—a matter of wonder to those who considered the cli-

mate of Naples. But of course the Neapolitans were merely inhabitants of the kingdom, not of the city of Naples, and these Calabrians are used not only to great fatigues, but to deep snow and ice in their Alps, so that the wonder, like most wonders, can be explained quite naturally. The dress of the men is curiously sombre; many wear conical black felt hats, black gaiters, and almost all thick black cloaks, when the evening comes on; and in concert with this, there is a certain gloom and solemnity in their manner, which M. Lenormant compared to the traditional gloom of the Spaniard, and which may also be paralleled in the bloody and revolting character of the religious pictures and images among both peoples. But in friendliness, in honesty, and in hospitality, they will compare favorably with the people in any part of Italy; to most of their compatriots they are indeed very superior.

They seem a people who live a hard and laborious life. With the exception of a stray riding traveller, always with a gun swinging on his back, you meet no peasants except those in rows, I had almost said in droves, hoeing or digging fields under the eye of an overseer on horseback; or those urging on with shrill voice lean bullocks in the cart or the plough; or those curious solitary lads, whose special occupation it is to attain a sort of mental *nirvana*, sitting by their flocks of sheep and goats. These picturesque animals find pasture from shrubs, when the grass is eaten away or burnt up by the sun, and the tinkle of their bells in the hot midday air has a faint and sleepy rhythm. It is but rarely that the shepherd rouses himself from his silent apathy even to play on a rude pipe, like the Lacon or Comatas of Theocritus. Once, by the way, at Reggio, I found a boy playing two flageolets together, without any joint mouthpiece, and making very pretty music in two parts. I bought his flutes, or rather a spare pair which he had with him, for a franc, and found them "male and female," as the Romans would say—one considerably deeper in range than the other. This served him to play a simple accompaniment to his air.

But these picturesque aspects cannot hide from the traveller the careworn and oppressed look of the peasantry all through Apulia and Calabria—many pale from fever, but far more evidently weakened by want of proper diet, and lowered in spirits by the hopelessness of their situation. The metayer, or joint proprie-

* Since this was written Lenormant's posthumous volume on the west side of this coast, about the Gulf of S. Eufemia, has appeared. He has carefully described Nicastro, Il Pizzo, Monteleone, and Mileto, where a great Norman court, that of Roger of Sicily, occupied the ground once held by the Greek towns of Terina, Temesa, and Hipponium. But alas! both Greek and Norman remains have been completely destroyed by the terrible earthquakes which have torn the country, as no other part of Europe has been ever torn, in pieces. The one relic of the Normans is the cider made from the apples grown on the mountains above Mileto.

tary, system of northern Italy, is unknown throughout those parts of the old kingdom of Naples. As the peasants do not live in scattered cottages, owing to former insecurity, they are gathered into the widely separated towns, from which they descend into the valleys to work all day for a franc or less, to climb up again every night in weariness to their homes, or else great sheds or shed-like houses have been built for them by the proprietor, when the distance from a town is very great, where they lie huddled together every night in horrible squalor, to be awakened up and driven to the fields by a factor or inspector, not very different from the slave-driver in the southern United States of former days. He often farms for a fixed rent the whole property of the absentee landlord, who wishes to enjoy an idle and often licentious life at Naples, and expends neither money nor care on his property. So the factor becomes a land shark of the worst description, and tries to squeeze out of his bargain all the profit he can by the sweat of the peasant's brow. There seem to be no rights for the wretched laborer. His house, if he has one, even in one of the towns, is the property of his landlord, and he can be ejected at a moment's notice. If he displeases the *factor*, whose demands often violate what sentiments he still has of purity and domestic affection, he is cast upon the world homeless and hopeless, with no redress left him but murder, and no support but the levying of blackmail in the mountains. Thus the brigandage, for which Calabria was so notorious, was too often the outcome of shocking tyranny and injustice.

Now that good military roads and the Carabinieri have put down the possibility of living by plunder, the safety valve is emigration, which is going on much as it has done in Ireland. Whole families of poor people leave their homes for Naples, where they embark for South America, generally the La Plata country. This climate naturally suits the Italian better than that of the northern Union. I could not learn what success they have there, but fancy they told me of some who had returned wealthy, and bought villas near the great towns, such as Naples or Reggio. Lenormant, who spent several seasons in these provinces, has an eloquent digression in his first volume on "*La Grande Grèce*" (pp. 172-85), about the agrarian question. He compares the people to Egyptian fellahs, and to Irish tenants — having, of course, before his

eyes the traditional picture of the Irish tenant of the last century. But in the matter of absenteeism and of emigration, there are, indeed, striking resemblances; and he shows the danger there is of socialism of the wildest form spreading in the *rural* population of southern Italy. This is indeed the *Italia irredenta*, to which patriot politicians should turn their attention. Here, indeed there is room for a land act, which will not merely give rewards for idleness and agitation, but will save splendid provinces from desolation, rescue a fine people from destruction, and exhibit to the world publicly the odious selfishness and immorality with which an absentee aristocracy can systematically violate all the dictates of humanity. There have been such cases in other countries. In Ireland there were some two or three so notorious as perhaps to produce land reforms in recent years. In the kingdom of Naples it seems not easy to find a single landlord who takes a proper interest in his dependents. This, at least, is the impression produced on visitors by what they see and hear. If it is unjust to some exceptional men, they will afford another example of the good and worthy being discredited by profligate neighbors.

But I have strayed into politics, when I had only intended to describe a new field for harmless travel.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avara et dure!"

CHAPTER X.

AN AFTER-DINNER DISCUSSION.

MR. PRYOR, aloft in his pulpit in Mitchelhurst Church, with a sounding-board suspended above his head, was preaching about the Amalekites to a small afternoon congregation. The Amalekites had happened to come out of that drawer in his writing-table of which Mr. Hayes had spoken, and perhaps did as well as anything else he could have found there. He was getting over the ground at a tolerable pace, in spite of an occasional stumble, and was too much absorbed in his manuscript to be disturbed by an active trade in marbles which was going on in the front row of the Sunday scholars. Indeed, to Mr. Pryor's short-sighted eyes,

his listeners were very nearly as remote as the Amalekites themselves.

Some of the straw-plaiting girls, whose fingers seemed restless during their Sunday idleness, were nudging and pulling each other, or turning the leaves of their hymn-books, or smoothing their dresses. A laborer here and there sat staring straight before him with a vacant gaze. A farmer's wife devoted the leisure moments to thinking out one or two practical matters, over which she frowned a little. The clerk, in his desk, attended officially to the Amalekites, but that was all.

Barbara and Reynold were apart from all the rest in the square, red lined pew which had always belonged to the Rothwells. When they stood up their heads and Reynold's shoulders were visible, but during the sermon no one could see the occupants of the little inclosure except the preacher.

Reynold had established himself in a corner, with his head slightly thrown back and his long legs stretched out. Barbara, a little way off, had her daintily gloved hands folded on her lap, and sat with a demurely respectful expression while the voice above them sent a thin thread of denunciation through the drowsy atmosphere. Harding did not dislike it. Anything newer, more real, more living, would have seemed unsuited to the dusty marble figures which were the principal part of the congregation in that corner of the church. He had knelt down and stood up during the service, always with a sense of union between his own few years of life and the many years of which those monuments were memories; and the old prayers, the "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord," had fallen softly on his ears. Perils and dangers seemed so far from that sleepy little haven where he hoped to live his later days, and to come as a grey-haired man, when all the storms and struggles were over, and hear those words Sunday after Sunday in that very pew. Barbara, from under her long lashes, stole a meditative, questioning glance at him while he was musing thus, and the glance lingered. The young fellow's head rested against the faded red baize, his eyes were half closed, his brows had relaxed, his mouth almost hinted a smile. He was not conscious of her scrutiny, and seeing his face for the first time as a mere mask, she suddenly awoke to a perception of its beauty.

Overhead, it appeared that the Amalekites typified many evil things, and were by no means so utterly destroyed as they

should have been. Mr. Pryor intended his warnings to be as emphatic as those of the fierce old prophet, and he drew a limp, white finger down the faded page lest he should lose his place in the middle. Time had made the manuscript a little unfamiliar. "My brethren," said the plaintive voice from beneath the sounding-board, "we must make terms — ahem! — we must *never* make terms with these relentless enemies who lie in wait for us as for the Israelites of old. Remember" — he turned a leaf and felt the next to ascertain if it were the last. It was not, and he hurried his exhortation a little, finding it long, yet afraid to venture on leaving anything out. Meanwhile a weary Sunday school teacher awoke to sudden energy, plunged into the midst of the boys, and captured more marbles than he could hold, so that two or three escaped him and rolled down the aisle, amid a general manifestation of interest. The luckless teacher was young and bashful, and the rolling marbles seemed to him to fill the universe with reverberating echoes.

The vicar reached the goal at last, and gave out a hymn. Then the young people in the red-lined pew appeared once more, Miss Strange singing, Reynold looking round to deepen and assure his recollection of that afternoon. When he found himself in the churchyard, passing under the black-boughed yews with Barbara, he broke the silence. "I shall be far enough away next Sunday."

It was so strange to think that by the next Sunday his work would have begun, the work which he so loathed and so desired. He had directed his letter to his uncle at his place a few miles out of town, where Mr. Harding always went from Saturday to Monday, and he remembered as he spoke that the old gentleman would have received it that morning. Reynold pictured a little triumph over his surrender, but he did not care. Something — it could hardly be Mr. Pryor's sermon — had sweetened his bitter soul, and he did not care. He felt as if that little corner of Mitchelhurst Church had become an inalienable possession of his, and he could enter into it at any time wherever he might chance to be.

Barbara was sympathetic, but slightly preoccupied. If young Harding had understood women a little better he would certainly have perceived the preoccupation, but as it was he only saw the sympathy. When they got back to the Place she delayed him in the garden, as if she too felt the charm of that peaceful after-

noon and regretted its departure. They loitered to and fro on the wide gravel path, where grass and weeds encroached creepingly from the borders, and paused from time to time watching the sun as it went down. At last, when there was only a band of sulphur-colored light on the horizon, Barbara turned away with a sigh.

Reynold did not understand her reluctance to go in. In truth she was uneasy at the thought of the long evening which her uncle and he must spend in the same room. Mr. Hayes had come down in a dangerous mood that morning, not showing any special remembrance of Harding's offence of the night before, but seeming impartially displeased with everything and everybody. If ill-temper were actual fire, his conversation would have been all snaps and flashes like a fifth of November. Letters absorbed his attention at breakfast, but Barbara perceived that they only made him crosser than before. Happily, however, since a storm of rain hindered the morning's church-going, he went to his study to write his answers, and was seen no more till lunch-time, after which the weather cleared, and the young people walked off together to hear about the Amalekites. Reynold had no idea how anxiously Barbara had been sheltering him all day under her little wing, but now the sun was down, there was no help for it, they must go in and face the worst. She had paused and looked up at him as if she were about to say something before they left the garden, but nothing came except the little sigh which he had heard.

Even when they went in, fate seemed a little to postpone the evil moment. Harding, coming down-stairs, saw a light shining through the door of a small room—the book-room, as it was sometimes called. A glance as he passed showed Barbara, with an arm raised above her head, taking a volume from the shelf. "Can I help you?" he asked, pausing in the doorway.

"Oh, thank you, but I think this is right." She examined the title-page. The window shutters were closed, the room was dusky with its lining of old brown leather bindings, and Barbara's candle was just a glowworm glimmer of brightness in it. "You might put those others back for me if you would. I can manage to take them down, but it isn't so easy to put them up again."

Tall Reynold rendered the required service quickly enough, while she laid the book she had chosen with some others already on the table, and began to dust them. It was an old-fashioned writing-

table, with a multitude of little brass-handled drawers. The young man took hold of one of these brass handles, and noticed its rather elaborate workmanship. "Look inside," said the girl, as she laid her duster down.

The drawer was full of yellowing papers, old bills, and miscellaneous scraps of various kinds. She pulled out a few, and they turned them over in the gleam of candlelight. "Butcher, Christmas, 1811," said Barbara, "and here is a glazier's bill. What have you got?"

"To sinking and bricking new well, 32 ft. deep," Reynold replied. "It is in 1816. To making new pump, 38 ft. long."

"Why, that must be the old pump by the stables," said Barbara. "Look at this receipt, 'for work Don accorden to Bill'!"

"There seem to be plenty of them. Are the other drawers full too?"

"Yes, I think so. You had better take one as a souvenir."

"No, thank you." He smiled as he thrust the bills he held down among the dusty bundles in the drawer, and brushed his finger-tips fastidiously. "Souvenirs ought to be characteristic. A receipted bill would be a very respectable souvenir, but I'm afraid it would convey a false impression of the Rothwells."

She looked away, a little perplexed and dissatisfied. It seemed to her that the future master of Mitchelhurst should not talk in that fashion of his own people, and she did not understand that the slight bitterness of speech was merely the outcome of a life of discontent. He hardly knew how to speak otherwise. "I suppose they would have paid everybody if they hadn't had misfortunes," she said.

"No doubt. We would most of us pay our bills if we had nothing else to do with the money."

"Well," Barbara declared with a blush, "the next Rothwell will pay *his* hills, I know."

"We'll hope so." His smile apparently emboldened her, for she looked up at him. "Mr. Harding," she began.

"Well?"

She put her hand to her mouth with an irresolute gesture, softly touching her red lips. "Oh—nothing!" she said.

"Nothing?" he questioned. But at that moment there was a call. "Barbara! Barbara! are you stopping to *write* those books?"

She turned swiftly, caught them up, and was gone, sending an answering cry of "Coming, uncle—coming!" before her.

Reynold lingered a little before he followed her, to wonder what that something was that was nothing.

When he went in he found Mr. Hayes and Barbara both industriously occupied with their reading, after the fashion of a quiet Sunday in the country. He took up the first volume that came to hand, threw himself into a chair, and remained for a considerable time frowning and musing over the unread page. Mr. Hayes turned his pages with wearisome regularity, but after a while Barbara laid her *Good Words* on her lap and gazed fixedly at the window, where little could be seen but the reflection of the lamp in the outer darkness. The silence of the room seeming to have become accustomed to this change of attitude, the slightest possible movement of her head brought Reynold within range. He moved, and she was looking at the window, from which she turned quite naturally, and met his glance. Her fingers were playing restlessly with her little gold cross, and Harding said, "Your talisman!"

No word had been spoken for so long that the brief utterance came with a kind of startling distinctness.

"My talisman still, thanks to you," Barbara replied.

The absurdity of his misfortune was a little forgotten, and the fact of his service remained, so Harding almost smiled as he rejoined, —

"I say 'thanks to it' for my introduction."

Mr. Hayes knitted his brows, and looked from one to the other with bright, bead-like eyes. When, a minute later, a maid came to the door, and asked to speak to Miss Strange, he waited till his niece was gone, and then sharply demanded, —

"What was that about a talisman?"

"That little cross Miss Strange wears. She calls that her talisman."

"Indeed! Why that particular cross?"

"It belonged to her godmother, I believe," said Harding.

The old gentleman stared, and then considered a little.

"Her godmother, eh? Why," he began to laugh, "her godmother — what does Barbara know about her?"

"I think she said she was named after her —"

"So she was."

"And that her mother told her she was the most beautiful woman she ever knew —"

"That's true enough. She *was* beautiful, and clever, and accomplished, no

doubt about that. One ought to speak kindly of the dead, they say. Well, she was beautiful, and if ever there was a selfish, heartless coquette —"

"Hey!" said Reynold, opening his eyes. "Is that speaking kindly of the dead?"

"Very kindly," with emphasis.

"But Miss Strange's mother —"

"Well, I should think she must have begun to find her friend out before she died. I don't know, though; Mrs. Strange isn't over wise, she may contrive to believe in her still. I wonder what Strange would say, if he ever said anything! So that is Barbara's talisman! Not much *virtue* in it, anyhow; but I dare say it will do just as well. There have been some queer folks canonized before now."

He ended with a chuckling little laugh. Evidently he knew enough of the earlier Barbara to see something irresistibly comic in the girl's tenderness for this little relic of the past.

Harding was grimly silent. Barbara's fancy might be foolish, but since she cherished it, he hated to hear this ugly little mockery of her treasure, and he had found a half-acknowledged satisfaction in the remembrance that the little cross was a link between himself and her. Now, when she came into the room again, and Mr. Hayes compressed his lips, and glanced from the little ornament to his visitor, and then to his book again, in stealthy enjoyment of his joke, the other felt as if there were something sinister in the token. He wished Barbara would not caress it as she stood by the fire. He would have liked to throw it down and tread it under foot.

There might have been some malignant influence in the air that day, for Barbara will wonder as long as she lives what made her two companions insist on talking politics at dinner. She did not like people to talk politics. She had never looked out the word in the dictionary, and perhaps she might have objected to a lofty discussion of "the science of government, that part of ethics which consists in the regulation and government of a nation or state." She looked upon talking politics as a masculine diversion, which consisted in bandying violent assertions about Mr. Gladstone. It never led, of course, to any change of opinion, but it generally made people raise their voices, and interrupt one another, and get red in the face. As far as her opportunities of observation went, Barbara had judged pretty correctly.

Her uncle held what he called his political creed solely as a means of enjoyable argument. He considered himself an advanced Liberal, but he had so many whims and hobbies that he was the most uncertain of supporters. No one held his views, and if, by some inconceivable chance, he had convinced an adversary, he would have been very uncomfortable. He would have felt himself crowded out of his position, and would have retired immediately to less accessible ground, and defied his disciple to climb up after him. When he had arranged his opinions he was obliged to find ingenious methods of escaping their consequences. For instance, with some whimsical recollection of the one passion of his life, he chose to hold advanced views about woman's rights, which disgusted his country neighbors. Woman was, in every respect but physical strength, the natural equal of man. She was to be emancipated, to vote, to take her place in Church and State — when Mr. Hayes was dead. At present she was evidently dwarfed and degraded by long ages of man's oppressive rule, and needed careful education, and a considerable lapse of time, to raise her to the position that was hers by right. Meanwhile she must be governed, not as an inferior, on that point he spoke very strongly indeed, but as a minor not yet qualified to enter into possession of her inheritance, and he exerted himself, in rather a high-handed fashion, to keep her in the proper path. The woman of the future was to do exactly what she pleased, but the woman of the present — Barbara — was to do as she was told, and not talk about what she did not understand. By this arrangement Mr. Hayes was able to rule his woman-kind, and to deny the superiority of his masculine acquaintances.

It was precisely this question that came up at dinner time. Harding had no real views on political matters; he was simply a Conservative by nature. He had none of the daring energy which snatches chances in periods of change; his instinct was that of self-defence, to hold rather than to gain, to gather even the rags of the past about him, with the full consciousness that they were but rags, rather than to throw himself into the battle of the present. It was true that he was going to work for Mitchelhurst and Barbara, but the double impulse had been needed to conquer his shrinking pride. That a man should be hustled by a mixed and disorderly crowd was bad enough, but that a woman should step down into it,

should demand work, should make speeches, and push her way to the polling-booth, was in Harding's eyes something hideously degrading and indecent. As to the equality of the sexes, that was rubbish. Man was to rule, and woman to maintain an ideal of purity and sweetness. Education, beyond the simple old-fashioned limits, tended only to unsex her.

He would have opposed Mr. Hayes's theories at any time, but they cut him to the quick just then, when he had felt the grace of womanhood, when a woman had passed into his life and transformed it. The old man was airily disposing of the destinies of the race in centuries to come, the young man was fighting for his own little future. He could not rule the world. Let it roar and hurry as it would, but never dare to touch his wife and home. What did the man mean by uttering his hateful doctrines in Barbara's hearing? Her bright eyes came and went between the speakers, and Reynold longed to order her away, to shut her up in some safe place apart, where only he might approach her.

He need not have been anxious. There was no touch of ambition in the girl's tender feminine nature to respond to her uncle's arguments. She did not want to vote, and wondered why women should ever wish to be doctors or — or — anything. Her eager glances betokened uneasiness rather than interest. Indeed the inferior being, scenting danger, had tried to turn the conversation before the terrible question of woman's rights had been mentioned at all. She had endeavored to talk about a lawn-tennis ground rather than the aspect of Irish affairs. Harding did not know much about lawn-tennis, but he was quite ready to talk about it, just as he would have talked about crewel-work, if she had seemed to wish it. Mr. Hayes, however, pooch-pooched the little attempt at peace.

"What is the good of planning the ground now?" he said. "And who cares for lawn-tennis?"

"I do," said the girl. "It's much more amusing than talking about Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell."

"That's all you know about it," her uncle retorted. "Now if you had been educated —"

"Oh yes, of course," she replied, with desperate pertness. "You are always talking about the woman of the future — I dare say she will *like* to see people make themselves hot and disagreeable, arguing about Ireland." She made a droll

little face of disgust. "Well, she may, but I don't!"

"Perhaps the woman of the future will be hot and disagreeable too," Harding suggested.

"You might not find her agreeable," said Mr. Hayes drily. "She would be able to expose the fallacy of your views pretty clearly, I fancy."

"Well," Barbara struck in hurriedly, amazed at her own boldness, "we get hot enough over tennis sometimes, but nobody is ever so cross over that, as men are when they argue."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Hayes. "To think that women, who rightfully should share man's most advanced attainments and aspirations ——" and off he went at a canter over the beaten ground of many previous discussions.

Barbara looked from him to young Harding. His dark eyes were ominous, he was only waiting, breathlessly, till Mr. Hayes should be compelled to pause for breath. "I hope you don't mean to imply, sir ——" he began, and Barbara perceived that not only had she failed to avert a collision, but that, by her thoughtless mention of the woman of the future, she had introduced the precise subject on which the two men were most furiously at variance. Thenceforward she merely glanced from one to the other as the noisy battle raged, watching in dumb suspense as one might watch the rising of a tide. Mr. Hayes had been thoroughly cross all day, and had not forgiven Reynold's rudeness of the evening before. Under cover of his argument he was saying all the irritating things he could think of, while Harding's harsher voice broke through his shrill-toned talk with rough contradictions.

After a time Barbara was obliged to leave them, and she went back to the drawing-room with a sinking heart. She had been uneasy the night before, but that was nothing to this. How earnestly she wished Mr. Pryor back again! She was pitiless, she would have flung the gentle, flaccid little clergyman between the angry combatants without a moment's hesitation, if she could only have brought him there by the force of her desire. Happily for Mr. Pryor, however, he was safe in his study, putting away the Amalekites at the bottom of the drawer till their turn should come again.

At last when Barbara was in despair at the lateness of the hour, she sent one of the maids to tell the gentlemen that coffee was ready, and crept into the hall behind

her messenger to hear the result. At the opening of the door there was a stormy clamor, and then a sudden silence. It was closed again, and the maid returned. "Master says, miss, will you send it in?" The last hope was gone, she could do nothing more but pour out the coffee, and wish with all her heart it were an opiate.

She was as firmly convinced as Reynold himself of the vast superiority of men, but these intellectual exercises of theirs upset her dreadfully. If only it had been Mr. Scarlett! He had a light, laughing way of holding her uncle at arm's length, avowing himself a Conservative simply as a matter of taste, and fighting for the old fashions which Mr. Hayes denounced, because he wanted something left that he could make verses about. Barbara, as she stood pensively on the rug, recalled one occasion when Adrian Scarlett put forward his plea. He was sitting on the sill of the open window, with the evening sky behind his head, and while he talked he drew down a long, blossomed spray of pale French honeysuckle. "Oh yes, I'm a Conservative," he said; "there are lots of things I want to conserve — all the picturesqueness, old streets, and signs, and manor-houses, old customs, village greens, fairs, thatched cottages, little courtesying maidens, old servants, and men with scythes and flails, instead of your new machines." She remembered how Mr. Hayes had interrupted him with a contemptuous inquiry whether there was not as much poetry to be found on one side as on the other. "Oh yes," he had assented, idly swinging his foot, "as fine on your side no doubt, or finer. You have the Marseillaise style of thing to quicken one's pulses. Yes, and I came across a bit the other day, declaring: —

*Que la Liberté sainte est la seule déesse,
Que l'on n'adore que debout.*

The words, uttered in the sudden fullness of his clear, rounded tones, seemed to send a great wave of impulse through the quiet room. Barbara could recall the sharp "Well, then?" with which Mr. Hayes received it.

"Ah, but not for me," young Scarlett had answered. "You don't expect me to write that kind of thing? It isn't in me. No, I want to rhyme about some little picture in an old-fashioned setting — Pamela, or Dorothy, or — or Ursula, walking between clipped hedges, or looking at an old sun-dial, or stopping by a basin rimmed with mossy stone to feed the gold-fish.

Or dreaming—and she must not be a Girton young woman—I couldn't imagine a Girton young woman's dreams!"

And so the argument ended in laughter. If only it could have been Adrian Scarlett instead of Reynold Harding in the dining-room that night! Barbara's apprehensions would all have vanished in a moment. But Mr. Scarlett was gone ("He *might* have said good-bye," thought Barbara), and the pleasant time was gone with him. The window was closed and shuttered, and the honeysuckle, a tangle of grey stalks, shivered in the wind outside.

She tried to amuse herself with *Good Words* again, but failed. Then she went to the piano, but had no better success there. She was listening with such strained attention, that to her ears the music was only distracting and importunate noise. As a last resource she bethought her of a half-finished novel which she had left in her bedroom. She had not intended to go on with it till Monday, but she *would*, and she ran up-stairs with guilty eagerness to fetch it.

She was coming back along the passage with the book in her hand, when she heard the opening and shutting of doors below, and the quick fall of steps. In another moment Reynold Harding came springing up the wide stairs to where she stood. There was a lamp at the head of the staircase, and as he passed out of the dusk into its light, she could see his angry eyes, and she knew the veins which stood out upon his forehead, looking as if the blood in them were black.

He saw her just before he reached the top, and stopped short. For a moment neither spoke, then he drew a long breath, and laid his hand upon the balustrade.

"Miss Strange," he said, "I'm going away."

Barbara hardly knew what she had expected or feared, but this took her by surprise.

"Going? Not now?" she exclaimed in amazement.

"Not to night—it is too late. I *must* stop for the night. I can't help myself. But the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Oh, why?"

"I can't stay under the roof of a man who has insulted me as your uncle has done. It is impossible that we should meet again," said Reynold. His speech seemed to escape in fierce little jets of repressed wrath. "I'm not accustomed—I ought never to have come here!"

"Oh!" cried Barbara, in a tone of pained reproach.

He was silent, looking fixedly at her. The meaning of what he had said, and the fatal meaning of what he had done, came upon him, arresting him in the midst of his passion. All his fire seemed suddenly to die down to grey ashes. What madness had possessed him?

They faced each other in the pale circle of lamplight, which trembled a little on the broad, white stairs. Reynold, stricken and dumb, grasped the balustrade with tightening fingers. Barbara leaned against the white-panelled wall. She was the first to speak.

"Oh!" she said in a low voice. "That *you* should be driven out of Mitchelhurst!"

"Don't!" cried he. "God! it was my own fault!"

"What was it? What did you quarrel about?"

"Do I know?" Reynold demanded. "Ask him! Perhaps he can remember some of the idiotic jangling. Why did we begin? Why did we go on? I don't believe hell itself could be more wearisome. I was sick to death of it, and yet something seemed to goad me on—I couldn't give in! It was my infernal temper, I suppose."

"Oh I am so sorry!" Barbara whispered.

"He shouldn't have spoken to me as he did when I was his guest at his own table," young Harding continued. "But after all, he is an old man, I ought to have remembered that. Well, it's too late; it's all over now!"

"But is it too late? Can't anything be done?"

He almost smiled at the feminine failure to realize that the night's work was more than a tiff which might be made up and forgotten.

"Kiss and make friends—eh?" he said. "Will you run and fetch your uncle?"

The leaden little jest was uttered so miserably that Barbara only sighed in answer.

"No," said the young man, "it's all over. Even if I could apologize—and I can't—I couldn't sit at his table again. It wouldn't be possible. No, I must go!"

"And you are sorry you ever came!"

"Don't remind me of that! I'm just as sorry I came here as that I ever came into the world at all."

The old clock in the dusky hall below struck ten slow strokes.

"This will be good-night and good-bye,"

said Harding. "I shall be gone before you are down in the morning."

Even as he spoke he was thinking how completely his bitter folly had exiled him from her presence.

"You are going home?"

"Home? Well, yes, I suppose so. By the way, I don't know that I shall go home to-morrow. I may have to stay another day in Mitchelhurst. That depends—I shall see when the morning comes. Your uncle's jurisdiction doesn't extend beyond the grounds of the Place, I suppose. I won't trespass, he may be very sure of that, and I won't stay in the neighborhood any longer than I can help. Only, you see, this is rather a sudden change of plans."

"I am so sorry," the girl repeated. "I hate to think of your going away like this. I'm ashamed!"

"No! no! I'm rightly served, though you needn't tell Mr. Hayes I said so. I was fool enough to let my temper get the upper hand, and I must pay the penalty. How I *could* be such an inconceivable idiot—but that's neither here nor there. It was my own fault, and the less said about it the better."

Barbara shook her head.

"No, it was my fault."

This time Harding really smiled, drearily enough, but still it was a smile.

"Yours?" he said. "That never occurred to me. How do you make it out?"

"Well," she said, looking down, and tracing a joint of the stone with the tip of her little embroidered slipper, "it was partly my fault, anyhow."

This "partly" seemed to point to something definite.

"How do you mean?" he asked, looking curiously at her.

"I knew he was cross," she said. "I knew it this morning, as soon as he came down, and he generally gets worse and worse all day. He isn't often out of temper like that—only now and then. I dare say he will be all right to-morrow, or perhaps the day after."

"That's a little late for me!" said Harding.

"So you see it *was* my fault. I ought to have told you."

"Well, perhaps if you had, I might have been a trifle on my guard. I don't know, I'm sure. Yes, I wish you had happened to warn me! But you mustn't reproach yourself, Miss Strange, it wasn't your fault. You didn't know what I was, you couldn't be expected to think of it."

"But I *did* think of it!" Barbara cried remorsefully.

"You did?"

"Yes. I was thinking of it all day. Oh how I *wish* I had done it! But I wasn't sure you would like it—I didn't know. I thought perhaps it might seem"—she faltered—"might seem as if I thought that you —"

"I see!" Reynold answered in his harshest voice. "I needn't have told you just now that I had a devil of a temper!"

Barbara drew herself up against the wall with her head thrown back, and gazed blankly at him.

"Oh, don't be afraid!" he said with a laugh. "I'm not going to *hit* you!"

"Don't talk like that!" she cried.

"Oh, there's uncle coming!" and turning she fled back to her own room. Harding heard the steps below, and he also went off, not quite so hurriedly, but with long strides, and vanished into the shadows. The innocent cause of this alarm crossed the hall, from the drawing-room to the study, banging the doors after him, and the lamplight fell on the deserted stairs.

Harding struck a light and flung himself into a chair. Barbara's words and his own mocking laughter seemed still to be in the air about him. The silence and loneliness bewildered him, he could not realize that his chance of speech had escaped him, and that Barbara's entreaty must remain unanswered. Her timid self-reproach had stabbed him to the heart. That the poor little girl should have trembled and been silent, lest he should speak harshly, and then that she should blame herself so bitterly for her cowardice—it was a sudden revelation to Reynold of the ugliness of those black moods of his. One might have pictured the evil power broken by the shock of this discovery and leaving shame-stricken patience in its place, or, at least, one might have imagined strenuous resolutions for the days to come. But Reynold's very tenderness was mixed with wrath; he cursed the something in himself, yet not himself, which had frightened Barbara, he could not feel that *he* was answerable. That she, of all the world, should judge him so, filled his soul with a burning sense of wrong.

"How *could* you think it?" he pleaded with her in his thoughts, "my dear, how *could* you think it?" And yet he did not blame her. Ah God! what a bitter, miserable wretch he had been his whole life through! Why had no woman ever taught him how to be gentle and good?

He blamed neither Barbara nor himself, but a cruel fate.

It was not till late, when he had collected his things, and made all ready for his departure in the morning, that he remembered that he would not see her again, that he absolutely could not so much as speak a word to make amends. He must cross the threshold of the old house as early as he possibly could, his angry pride would not allow him a moment's delay, and what chance was there that she would be up and dressed by then? It was maddening to think of the long, slow hours which they would pass under the same roof, each hour gliding away with its many minutes. And in one minute he could say so much, if but one minute were granted him! "But it won't be," he said sullenly, as he lay down till the dawn should come, "it isn't likely." And he ground his teeth together at the remembrance of the many minutes spent in wrangling with Mr. Hayes, while Barbara waited alone.

From The Times.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

WEDNESDAY, July 10th, was kept as a great and solemn occasion in Holland. Three hundred years ago, on the 10th of July, 1584, William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, the founder, champion, and martyr of Dutch independence, was basely murdered at his house in Delft, by Balthazar Gérard. This martyrdom of their great national hero, the life which it crowned, and the deliverance of which that life was the instrument and its end the seal, the people of Holland are now assembled in Delft to commemorate. There are few places in the world, perhaps, where an interval of three eventful centuries has wrought such slight material changes as the little Dutch town in which William the Silent was murdered, and in whose noble church he lies buried. The house in which the crime was committed, the Prinsenhof, formerly a convent, and now a barrack, still stands unchanged, and the descendants of the people whom William freed may still see the recess in which Gérard stood and the narrow staircase—so narrow that the pistol of the assassin must almost have touched his victim—towards which William was moving, when the fatal shot was fired. But slight as is the material change, the moral contrast is so vast as almost to

baffle imagination in the attempt to realize it. In 1584 the independent polity of the United Netherlands created and sustained by William the Silent was still quivering in every fibre with the throes of that gigantic struggle in which it had withstood the inhuman despotism of Philip II., and resisted all his attempts to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands. The cruelties, the treacheries, the intrigues, the chicaneries, which marked the course of that struggle were such as no man bred in the ideas of to-day could believe if they were not established on the irrefragable testimony not merely of those who suffered by them, but even of those who practised them. The question at issue between Philip and his Flemish subjects was no mere tissue of theological or metaphysical subtleties. It was a question of life and death, of liberty and tyranny, of the most implacable resolve that ever inspired the brain and armed the will of a bigot and a despot, of the most unflinching resistance to cruelty and usurpation that ever sustained the fortitude of a patient but determined people. The people of Holland cannot but be inspired by the memories which illuminate the anniversary they are keeping to-day. No people in the world ever maintained a more heroic struggle than their forefathers, to none was a nobler example of devotion and patriotism given than that of William the Silent. "As long as he lived," says their latest historian, "he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." Assuredly their lamentation was neither unreal nor misplaced. They had lost the father of their country, "Father William," as his people affectionately and gratefully called him, and the hand that had struck the blow was bribed by the treasure of Spain. The descendants of those little children who shed tears when William died need, however, shed no tears to-day. It is the deliverance of their country that they are gathered to commemorate, and their gratitude for the achievement whose results they still enjoy will assuage their mourning for the man whose life and death assured their freedom.

William the Silent is, perhaps, the one spotless and heroic figure in the history of the great struggle whereby the Netherlands were freed. It was a contest of giants, but the meed of heroism belongs alone, or almost alone, to the victim of Balthazar Gérard. In calling him spotless, we do not intend to say that all the

acts of his life deserve unstinted praise, but regarded as a whole his life presents in the midst of a corrupt, cruel, and unscrupulous age an example of civic virtue, of personal disinterestedness, of unsullied patriotism, of sustained devotion to truth and liberty, of fortitude in adversity, of moderation in prosperity, of unrivalled statecraft and consummate ability in affairs to which history affords but few parallels. It is singular to note how often in the affairs of mankind the opposing tendencies of a particular age and time seem to be personified and typified in the antagonisms of individual men. Such a contrast is exhibited with startling dramatic completeness in the careers of Philip II. and William the Silent. They were foes from the outset, but their lifelong enmity was caused less by personal antagonism than by contrast of character and of temperament and, in consequence, of their respective relations to the circumstances of their age and time. Philip was born to be an inquisitor, William to be a liberator. It is inconceivable that Philip should ever have become a Protestant, though he would, it seems, have consented to abate somewhat of his Catholic austerity for the sake of the Imperial crown. It is equally inconceivable that William should have remained a Catholic in the spiritual turmoil of the sixteenth century. His final conversion to Protestantism may have been quickened by his political necessities; but it was not the outcome of an easy-going indifference like the adoption of Catholicism by Henry IV. of France, who frankly avowed that Paris was well worth a mass. No doubt it was necessary for the champion of Protestants in the Netherlands to be himself a Protestant, but William became their champion because he was always in spirit and in temper a Protestant, he did not become a Protestant in order to remain their champion. Philip, on the other hand, was equally the born champion of the spirit and temper opposed to Protestantism. He was not so much a religious man as a fanatic, a statesman whose whole policy was centred in absolutism and spiritual domination. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that William, in spite of appearances, was by far the more religious man of the two. Philip, throughout his whole life, never deviated from the strictest and most rigid orthodoxy, though he could be denounced by William in that apology, which even when compared with the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero is, perhaps, the most scathing philippic of the three, as

a lascivious, incestuous, adulterous, and murderous king. The life of William, on the other hand, though not, perhaps, blameless, if judged by the purer standards of the present age, was comparatively one of virtue, moderation, and devotion to noble and humane ends; and his religious faith, though by no means consistent with itself at different periods of his life, was, nevertheless, an evolution abundantly justified by its fruits, and controlled and sustained by the slow and resistless force of spiritual and moral conviction. At a distance of three centuries it is easy to see which of the two tendencies here exhibited and contrasted was destined to prevail in the end; but the case was altogether different when the great struggle began, and long before it was over even William himself might well have despaired. All the material forces of a great empire were arrayed on the side of Philip. Spain, when he ascended the throne, was incontestably at the head of the civilized world. He was served by the most renowned and capable warriors, by the most consummate and adroit statesmen. William himself would have been powerless to achieve success if his skill had not been equal and his craft superior to theirs. His cause was undoubtedly the better, and this was what gave it its strength and endurance, but his material resources were immeasurably inferior. But fortified by the inherent goodness of his cause and trusting in his own indomitable perseverance, meeting intrigue with intrigue, overcoming guile with guile, and opposing to the tortuous and hesitating policy of Philip, a policy of his own informed by a knowledge as accurate, and controlled by a sagacity far more patient and subtle, he baffled all Philip's generals and outwitted all his statesmen, and moulded the despised burghers and "beggars" of the Netherlands into a nation which wrested the sceptre from Spain and secured for itself a place among the foremost powers of the world.

The name of Philip II. cannot be popular in the Netherlands. The man who was responsible for the deaths, in every circumstance of torture, cruelty, and humiliation, of thousands of peaceful citizens whose only crime was the desire to worship God in their own way, cannot but be remembered with loathing among the descendants of his victims. But sinister as was the influence of Philip, and disastrous as was his policy, they were forces contributory to the result which made the people of the Netherlands a free and self-

reliant nation. Philip was the hammer and William was the anvil; between the two the steel which was heated in the fires of the Inquisition was forged, tempered, and welded into the national life and independence of the Netherlands. Each was doubtless necessary to the result, but though the impartial historian is bound to do justice to both, the national gratitude is not unjustly reserved for the national champion and martyr. The work which William the Silent did he did for the most part alone. None but he could have baffled Philip in his Cabinet, his generals in the field, his statesmen in council. For years the two men lived in ostensible friendship, but Philip, though he was no match for William in statecraft, was shrewd enough to have discerned the capacity of his great opponent when they were boys together at the court of his father. William, on his part, must have known equally well and equally early that Philip was destined to be his lifelong opponent. It was not for nothing that Charles V. had trusted William with the profoundest secret of State while he was yet a boy; it was not for nothing that William had early shown a military capacity not unworthy of the greatest captains of the age. The favor shown by Charles to William, and the youthful renown of the latter, were enough of themselves to provoke the enmity of the brooding and suspicious Philip. He could not foresee, of course, all the mischief that William was destined to do him, but the impatient and contemptuous rebuke which he administered to William as he finally quitted the Netherlands is sufficient to show that he already knew where to look for his most dangerous antagonist. "As Philip," says Motley, "was proceeding on board the ship which was to bear him forever from the Netherlands his eyes lighted upon the prince. His displeasure could no longer be restrained. With angry face he turned upon him, and bitterly reproached him for having thwarted all his plans by means of his secret intrigues. William replied with humility that everything which had taken place had been done through the regular and natural movements of the States. Upon this the king, boiling with rage, seized the prince by the wrist, and shaking it violently, exclaimed in Spanish, 'No los estados, ma vos, vos, vos!'" The suspicion and distrust of Philip were not ill-founded. A few months before William had been sent to the court of France, as a hostage for the execution of the Treaty of Château-

Cambresis. In an unguarded moment, during a hunting expedition, Henry II. of France had revealed to the taciturn prince the existence of a secret convention between France and Spain for the extirpation of the Huguenots. William said nothing, and his countenance exhibited no surprise at the revelation; but when Philip reproached the prince at Flushing in the manner above described he knew, and William knew that he knew, that the terrible secret had been revealed to the silent and vigilant statesman whose life was henceforth devoted to the discovery and frustration of his plans.

It is not our purpose to narrate the life of William the Silent in detail. We are concerned rather with his policy and character, and, in relation to the present anniversary, with the tragedy which brought his career to a close. No space at our command would enable us to do justice to the romantic and heroic circumstances of a life so various and eventful as that of the great liberator of the Netherlands. It was not for years after their stormy parting at Flushing that the overt antagonism of the two men was revealed. William at that time was a Catholic, and content to remain in the faith he had adopted as a favorite of Charles V. Even on the occasion of his second marriage, two years later, with the Protestant princess Anna of Saxony he still showed himself a loyal Catholic and subject of Philip by some rather questionable negotiations on the subject of her religious privileges. He would not bind himself by a deed which the friends of the princess desired him to sign, though he gave a verbal undertaking to the same effect. In fact, at this time he was not the patriot and the man of profoundly religious temper which he afterwards became. He was brought up in an age and country of brilliant revelry and display, and he himself in his early years was as brilliant a reveller as any. It was only in tribulation and adversity that his character was purified and sobered, and so little at this time did he take religious differences seriously that when, immediately after his marriage, the electress entreated that he would not pervert her niece from the paths of the true religion he replied, with almost contemptuous flippancy: "She shall not be troubled with such melancholy things. Instead of Holy Writ she shall read *Amadis de Gaule*, and such books of pastime which discourse *de amore*, and instead of knitting and sewing she shall learn to dance a *galliarde* and such *curtiosies* as

are the mode of our country and suitable to her rank." In politics also William strove long and anxiously to avoid an open rupture with Philip. Throughout the regency of Margaret of Parma he was constant and earnest in his endeavors to establish an acceptable *modus vivendi*, to induce Philip to abstain from establishing the Inquisition, and to organize the government of the Netherlands so as to maintain the liberties of the people without throwing off the yoke of Spain. Philip, however, was inexorable. The man who had celebrated his return to Spain by an *auto da fé* was not likely to come to terms with the Protestant "beggars" of the Netherlands. Even his sister Margaret was too lenient for him and was at last replaced in the regency by the infamous Alva. Then it was that William gave up the hope of reconciliation and compromise. He retired to Germany after vainly endeavoring to persuade his friend Egmont to follow his example. Egmont, Horn, and others were arrested, condemned, and ultimately executed. When the wily Granvelle, who had been Margaret of Parma's chief counsellor in the regency, heard that Orange had escaped, he exclaimed, "Then if the duke has not caught him, he has caught nothing." It was the failure of Egmont's mission that convinced William that nothing was to be expected from Philip. When Egmont returned and reported in the Council the result of his negotiation, "Now," said William, "we shall see the beginning of a great tragedy." The remaining years of his life were the fulfilment of his prediction and his death was the catastrophe of the tragedy he had foreseen. From this time forth his life was a long martyrdom, only sustained by the growing strength of his religious convictions and his unshaken confidence in the justice of his cause.

We cannot dwell at length here on the warlike exploits of William. His military fame is established by the fact that he baffled such captains as Alva, as Don John of Austria, and Alexander of Parma. "Alva," writes one whose enthusiasm is inspired by the glowing page of Motley, "was his earliest antagonist; and the gaunt and shallow duke was one of Charles's veterans. Till he came to the Netherlands, he had never been worsted; on many a pagan and Christian battlefield he had triumphed; more than once his eagle eye and tiger-like heart had nerved his beaten soldiers, turned the tide of victory, and saved the monarchy. Vehement and bloodthirsty by nature,

only on the battlefield did he manifest perfect self-restraint. The ferocious executioner, who sent maidens and matrons to the stake, who spilt the blood of the tenderest and noblest like water, never threw away the life of a single trooper. . . . But even Alva, everywhere else the victor, left the Netherlands a baffled man. Don John of Austria, who followed him, did not fare better. The beautiful and fascinating son of the emperor, the hero of Lepanto, who had captured the sacred standard of the Prophet, and shaken the supremacy of the Crescent, was foiled and outwitted by the subtle brain of William. And even the splendid military genius of Alexander of Parma, the most patient, temperate, fearless, and unscrupulous of men, could not turn the scale against the Netherlander. With a few foreign mercenaries who could not be relied on, and a few unarmed burghers who could, the Prince of Orange drove back the invincible legions of Spain, led by their most consummate captains."

The result of William's resistance to all the might of Spain, to all the skill of her generals, and all the statecraft of her ruler was finally established and recorded in the Union of Utrecht, that charter of the United Provinces whose acceptance at Utrecht by the national representatives on the 23d of January, 1579, was commemorated in Holland five years ago, as the death of William is being commemorated to-day. From that time forward the power of Spain was virtually at an end, though the Act of Abjuration repudiating the sovereignty of Philip was not issued till two years later by the deputies assembled at the Hague, nor was it till thirty years had elapsed that peace was concluded with Spain in 1609. Philip, however, could not or would not accept defeat. He still believed, and Granvelle—who had early discerned and long observed William's rare political capacity—encouraged him in the belief, that the removal of William would result in the collapse of the revolt. He, therefore, willingly listened to Granvelle's advice that a price should be publicly put on the prince's head. Granvelle, who after all can but have imperfectly gauged the strength of William's character, professed to think that the fear of assassination would paralyze William's policy and might even lead to his death by his own hand. Philip and his crafty counsellors little knew the stuff of which William was made or the fortitude to which adversity had tempered him. They did not shrink,

however, from the act which has branded them with infamy. Cardinal Granvelle drew up the ban which denounced William as a "wretched hypocrite" and traitor. After reciting the catalogue of his alleged crimes, this monstrous document concluded as follows: "For these causes we declare him traitor and miscreant, enemy of ourselves and of the country. As such we banish him perpetually from all our realms, forbidding all our subjects, of whatever quality, to communicate with him openly or privately — to administer to him victuals, drink, fire, or other necessities. We allow all to injure him in property or life. We expose the said William of Nassau as an enemy of the human race, giving his property to all who may seize it. And if any one of our subjects or any stranger should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor."

Such was the document, whose issue by the command of Philip, resulted after many unsuccessful attempts in the murder of William by Balthazar Gérard, on the 10th of July, 1584. But William was not daunted by it; he pursued his course undisturbed, and his life had been too often in danger for him to pay any serious heed to the plots of hired murderers. "I am in the hands of God," he said, in that famous apology which was his prompt answer to Philip's ban, "my worldly goods and my life have long since been dedicated to his service. He will dispose of them as seems best for his glory and my salvation. . . . Would to God," he said, in conclusion, addressing the people whom he had saved, "that my perpetual banishment or even my death could bring you a true deliverance from so many calamities. Oh, how consoling would be such banishment — how sweet such a death! For why have I exposed my property? Was it that I might enrich myself? Why have I lost my brothers? Was it that I might find new ones? Why have I left my son so long a prisoner? Can you give me another? Why have I put my life so often in danger? What reward can I hope after my long services, and the almost total wreck of my earthly fortunes, if not the prize of having acquired, perhaps

at the expense of my life, your liberty? If then, my masters, you judge that my absence or my death can serve you, behold me ready to obey. Command me — send me to the ends of the earth — I will obey. Here is my head, over which no prince, no monarch, has power but yourselves. Dispose of it for your good, for the preservation of your republic, but if you judge that the moderate amount of experience and industry which is in me, if you judge that the remainder of my property and of my life can yet be of service to you, I dedicate them afresh to you and to the country."

Such was the spirit in which William encountered the dastardly menaces of Philip. The true temper of the man and the true lesson of his life are exhibited in these touching words. *Je maintiendrai* was his family motto; *Sævis tranquillus in undis* was the device he chose to symbolize his imperturbable endurance, and he remained steadfast and tranquil and moderate to the end. Jaureguy, one of his would-be assassins, whose bullet passed through both his cheeks at Antwerp, was taken red-handed by his attendants. William would not allow either Jaureguy or his accomplices to be tortured, though torture was a recognized and permitted punishment of the time, for nothing more showed William's superiority to his contemporaries than his total lack of vindictiveness and his genuine toleration of spirit. Alone in his generation, he realized and practised that tolerant temper which gave to the Reformation its permanent vitality as an irresistible element of human progress. None but he in his time, or for long afterwards, could have written to the magistracy of Middleburg in language which takes us at once from the age of Philip and the Inquisition into the region of ideas not too readily accepted after three centuries have passed: "We declare to you that you have no right to trouble yourselves with any man's conscience so long as nothing is done to cause private harm or public scandal." We are content to leave the character of William the Silent to be judged by these remarkable words. He died by the bullet of Gérard, and the family of his assassin was rewarded and ennobled by Philip. His last words were, "O my God, have mercy on this poor people." For a time it might have seemed as if Philip had conquered and as if the life of William the Silent had been lived and sacrificed in vain. But the descendants of those poor people for whom William prayed for

mercy with his dying breath know now, and will acknowledge to-day with national thankfulness, that Philip was finally defeated in the hour of his apparent triumph, and that the prayer of his victim was answered a thousandfold.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

THREE DAYS AMONGST THE DUTCHMEN.

If you have any notion of visiting Amsterdam, let me counsel you not to go through a course of guide-books before you do so. Read very sparingly on the subject until you have seen the place. And, in particular, eschew the compilers of the descriptive (and discursive) hand-books, who rhapsodize on the Amsterdam of the past with an apparently honest belief that they are describing the Amsterdam of the present. Baedeker, who sticks to his facts, and never tries fine writing, is the only guide. It is possible, indeed, in looking on the canvas of Teniers, Brouwer, or Ian Steen, to imagine that Amsterdam—the city of the ninety islands and the three hundred bridges—was at some time or other an exceedingly picturesque place. Beautiful it never could have been, and certainly not “pretty;” but in its old days there must have been a rare and peculiar charm about its streets and buildings, and the people who inhabited them—a quaint, irregular charm; humorous, fantastic, sentimental; with an abundance of sober coloring, and the teeming evidences—on the canals, in the markets and the alehouses—of a hearty, lusty life. But between the Amsterdam of yesterday and the Amsterdam of to-day there is hardly the ghost of a likeness. The modern city is a very modern one indeed; a thriving commercial place, with only an occasional and more or less accidental picturesqueness in its streets, and no picturesqueness at all in its people.

I saw it under a gala aspect, when I went there in a journalistic capacity, in the spring of last year, to describe the opening of the International Exhibition. Let us dismiss the Exhibition as briefly as possible. The king was to open it, but, if I may presume to say so, his Majesty was in a somewhat unkindly mood, having been compelled on account of the opening ceremony to remain in Amsterdam—which I am told he hates—for at least a week beyond the day he had fixed for his departure to the Hague. Consequently every one connected with the Exhibition

(committee, commissioners, exhibitor, and all) was in a desperate hurry to complete the preparations, and let the king go his way to the Hague. But hurry ended in confusion, and when the day arrived nothing was ready. Postpone the opening for a week? By no means. The burgomaster felt that his office, to say nothing of his head, would be endangered by any suggestion of that sort; his Majesty having hinted, indeed, that if the Exhibition could not be got ready by the day named, he would go his way, and let it open itself as best it might.

So there was nothing for it but to let the king open an exhibition in which there was little except packing-cases exhibited. The ceremony was performed with due solemnity, the king and his suite stalking gravely through a mile or more of empty courts; the burgomaster pausing at intervals to assure his Majesty that in this department or the other there would be some extraordinarily fine things to see in a week or two. The king read his speech, said he had no doubt the exhibition was, or would be, the finest ever seen; and, after bestowing a private frown on the burgomaster, got into his carriage, and was whisked away by six bay horses to the palace.

Meanwhile, the city being *en fête*, the streets and the people showed themselves at their gayest. The little policemen, dressed something like the men of our London fire brigade, and looking as if they neglected the barber sadly, had lively work to keep the crowd in order, a duty which they performed with unnecessary roughness, pushing and bawling, and using their truncheons freely, to all of which the people submitted with exemplary patience. The cheer which they raised when the king went by was hearty enough, but lacked volume; and altogether they did not strike one as a very able-bodied crowd. With the citizens were mingled numbers of country-folk; the men in blouses and high caps, with their hair cut square; the women in the cleanest and stiffest of prints, with great overarching caps or bonnets, many of them wearing the head-dresses of solid gold, which are the dearest of their household gods. I was taken in tow for an hour or two by a commissioner of police, a little brisk, pock-marked man, who appeared to have visited most countries under the sun, and discoursed about the novels of Thackeray in a *patois* which was not only Dutch but double-Dutch to me.

The crowd filled all the streets, but be-

haved itself in a quiet, sober manner. All the cafés, beer-shops, and other places of refreshment were open, and thronged, but during the whole of that and the two succeeding days, I saw but one drunken person. Let me say in the same breath that I encountered only one beggar.

In one particular, and one only, did the Dutch crowd remind me of an English crowd. They did not seem to know what to do with themselves on a holiday. They dawdled through the streets, and stood in groups at the corners, and strolled in and out of the cafés, but did not seem to be animated by any definite purpose; and in fact gave one the notion that they regarded the holiday rather as a nuisance than otherwise. But there was no brawling, no horseplay, no hustling of women on the pavement, no bawling of rowdy songs; they were, in short, save in the circumstance mentioned, as little like an English Bank-holiday crowd as possible.

At night the streets were illuminated, and my romanticism, which had already sustained some pretty severe shocks, was almost entirely dispelled when I came upon a quaint old-fashioned square brilliantly lighted by electricity. An arc-lamp was the last thing I had expected to find in Amsterdam.

I had selected the Kalver Straat for my evening promenade; it is the Regent Street of Amsterdam, and here I had been informed by the author of an imaginative guide-book that I should find a typical Dutch crowd, with wide felt hats, "rolling bellies," long pipes, and all the other characteristics of the Dutch people of history or fable. Judge of my disappointment when I found myself in the midst of a crowd composed for the most part of persons in frock-coats and chimney-pot hats! From that moment my dream was finally broken; I relinquished for good and all the Amsterdam of my imaginings. But though the "dead past" have "buried their dead" here as in so many other of the European cities of history, let it not be supposed that the Dutch capital of to-day has nothing of interest for a foreigner.

The city itself, regarded as a whole, is a wonder of the first magnitude. It continues to stand, and to present a solid front, thanks only to the energy of its inhabitants. You might think, as you walked through most of its streets, that its foundations were no different from those of other cities; and you are surprised when you learn for the first time that it rests on no more solid basis than a

number of wooden posts, or piles, firmly driven into a soil of loose sand and loam. If the pile-driving were not very well done, and this singular sub-structure when once laid were not constantly looked to, the entire city would very soon be embedded in mud, and soon after that drowned in water. Some fifty years ago, one of the biggest buildings in the place did literally sink out of sight, and vanish as completely as Boehmer's diamond necklace, when, through the agency of the "dramaturgic countess," that distinguished bauble was whisked through the horn-gate of dreams.

Any one who has visited the towns and villages in the salt-working districts of Cheshire, where, owing to the continuous withdrawal of the liquid brine which floats beneath the soil, the foundations of the houses give way, and the houses themselves assume all sorts of desperate attitudes, may have a notion of the aspect of many of the streets in Amsterdam, where every other house is more or less out of the perpendicular. This may or may not be pleasant for the occupants, but it is curious enough to look at.

Vexed with the crowd in the streets, because it was not at least as old as Rembrandt, I turned into one of the numerous little cafés, and from that into another, until I came to the well-known Café Krasnapolski, the best place of the kind in the city. It has the electric light, and is very new in style, but a comfortable place, with nothing gaudy or garish in its decorations, and offering as hearty a welcome to the working man and his family, as to the young gentlemen about town who are amongst its regular *habitues*. It is no uncommon thing indeed to see a couple of young Dutch "mashers" in evening dress sitting at the same table with a peasant in his blue shirt and high cap. Smoking and tipping are the order of the evening, immoderate smoking and very moderate tipping. The place is packed as in a London music-hall, but the people are more agreeable company than an average audience at the Oxford, the Pavilion, or the Canterbury.

I visited some Dutch music-halls, by the way, of which there are a considerable number in the principal streets; small primitive places, for the most part, bare of decoration, and offering no particular attractions either on the stage or elsewhere. The audience sat on narrow wooden benches, smoked cigars at about a farthing a piece, drank German beer and curaçoa, and occasionally joined with

great gusto in a guttural chorus, which it would break all the teeth in an Englishman's head to attempt.

There were no opportunities at that time for a peep at the Dutch national drama, for with the commencement of the summer season the principal theatres close their doors. Madame Bernhardt was playing in "Frou Frou," but one did not go to Amsterdam to see Madame Bernhardt.

There was, however, a notable musical performance on the evening of the day on which the exhibition was opened, to which the burgomaster and Town Council, who organized it, invited the king and queen, the members of the court and aristocracy, and all the foreign guests of distinction (including the journalists). The theatre was a blaze of jewels, rich uniforms, and brilliant dresses; but, putting courtesy on one side, I am bound to say that in point of good looks, the Dutch nobility assembled there offered as striking a spectacle of the absence of them as it has ever been my lot to witness. I never before saw so much plainness gathered under one roof.

I would have said something about the performance itself, had not my attention been wholly distracted from the stage by the efforts of the burgomaster to keep the king from falling asleep over his programme. In the privacy of a "box," his Majesty would presumably have been suffered to sleep in peace; but on this occasion he had the misfortune to be posted on a red tribune in the very centre of the theatre, where every eye might see him. "If he nods he is lost," the burgomaster seemed to reason with himself; so whenever the royal head began to incline, either forwards or backwards, or to the right or the left, he was ready with some pretty little joke or comment, which served to keep off the catastrophe. "Has your Majesty heard this one?" he seemed to say, as he bent over the great gilt chair, and I am sure there was a general feeling of pleasure at the burgomaster's success when the face of the king brightened in response, and he gave vent to a low chuckle. This was the only Dutch theatre I saw.

There was one other entertainment in connection with the exhibition which I should like to refer to, for it was the pleasantest of all. This was the reception given at the Krasnapolski by the journalists of Amsterdam to their foreign brethren of the quill. The city swarmed with special correspondents from all quarters of the globe. The leading newspa-

pers in nearly all the chief cities of Europe had their representative — there were several from America, and one at least from the antipodes. All of these were gathered at the Krasnapolski one evening, and a very curious assemblage it was. The late Mr. Cobden, you may remember, was in the habit of expressing a wish that all the newspaper men in London could be collected in Hyde Park, that the citizens might go there "and see by what a d——d ugly set of fellows they were governed." I found myself wondering what Cobden would have said or thought had he been present at the Krasnapolski that evening. There were no strictures as to costume, so it need scarcely be said that the wearers of white ties and clean shirt fronts were in a minority. Coffee, wine, and lager beer flowed in abundance, pipes were not tabooed, and towards the middle of the evening you could hardly see across the room for smoke. Speeches were made, and healths proposed, in a score of languages; and, indeed, it was a second Pentecost in regard to the variety of tongues that were uttered. I have no distinct recollection of the latter part of the proceedings, except that we all invited the editor of the *Handelsblad*, our principal host, to visit us at the offices of our respective newspapers; who, if he ever sets out to respond to those invitations, will spend the rest of his days, like Cain, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Progress through the streets of Amsterdam is not difficult when you have become very slightly acquainted with them. The names are written plainly everywhere, and a little study of the map enables the stranger to find his bearings readily enough. Asking your way is of no use at all unless you know something more of the language than can be learned in the pages of Baedeker; for though you might easily learn to say, "*Mag ik u vragen, hoe ga ik naar . . . ?*" which means, "May I ask you how I am to go to . . . ?" you might go on asking it for a week without having the least idea of what was said in reply; and the Dutch are not sufficiently fertile in pantomime to give direction by the aid of signs. If in great difficulty, you may fall back on the trams, which are excellent, and used by everybody. The queen of Sweden, who had a suite of rooms at the hotel where I stayed (I was a good deal nearer the sky than her Majesty) stepped into the car in which I was jaunting one afternoon as unconcernedly as though she had been a burgher's wife.

No reference to the streets of Amsterdam would be satisfactory without a word on the canals. The canals are an unmitigated nuisance. They may be all very well in the winter, if the frost be hard enough to freeze them, but as soon as the weather begins to grow warm, they give out an odor like that which the Scriptures tell us is emitted by the deeds of the wicked. They cut the city in all directions, and are of course only to be crossed at regular intervals by the aid of bridges; so that the pedestrian wanting to get from one side of the street to the other, is liable to be sent a couple of hundred yards out of his way before he can do so. At night, in a dark street, they are to be approached warily, for a false step or a stumble against the stone pillars to which the boats and barges are moored would be apt to send one head foremost into the water. But the quaint craft that ply their sluggish waters have a character and interest of their own, and the mingling of town life with the life of the river is curious enough in the streets where the canals are found.

It is necessary, in trying to get some dim and hazy notion of the city as it might once have been, to plunge far into the maze of narrow, winding streets in the centre, and from these to work one's way steadily to the outskirts. Pursued on some such plan as this, one's search has a chance of being rewarded. You could note the market at the end of the Kloveniersburgwal, with a variety of cheap goods exposed on stalls, or spread on matting on the ground; and at one corner of the market, a mediæval building in red brick, with its five round towers, which was a gate of the city three hundred years ago.

Crossing the canal, you would find yourself soon in the Jews' quarter, which, for its uncleanness if for nothing else, is one of the sights of the city. Rhapsodical tourists are still found who go into ecstasies over the shock-headed, evil-smelling Jews, and their quarter, which they have diligently converted into one huge pig-sty; but the cleanly Dutchmen have neither eye nor nose for the virtues of a people who are filthy and not ashamed. The Jews form one-tenth of the whole population of Amsterdam, and contribute probably nine-tenths of its dirt. Indeed there is very little dirt to be met with, except in the Jews' quarter. They have ten or a dozen synagogues, the largest of which, belonging to the Portuguese Jews, is built in imitation of

the temple of Solomon. The famous diamond polishing industry, the show trade of the city, is mainly in the hands of the Portuguese Jews.

If you have managed to push your way right through the city, to the bright waters of the Zuyder Zee itself, you will not have had your journey for nothing. It is worth going thus far to taste the air that blows over the "rolling waters" of the Zee; and, more than this, there stands on the brink of the waves one of the oldest, oddest, and most remarkable houses in Amsterdam, which you must in no wise leave the city before visiting. It is the Huis Zeeburgh, a simple little inn whose walls have been laved (and cellars flooded) by the sea for nearly three hundred years. The landlord will receive you, I won't say with politeness, but with positive enthusiasm; he will turn the house inside out that you may see everything in it that is worth seeing, and will take down from the bar, where it hangs, the portrait of Slimme Ian, his racehorse (for he is a bit of a sportsman, and can chew a straw with the best of them), and will fetch out the silver tea-service which Slimme Ian won for him in a trotting match ten years ago. He keeps down-stairs, for the special delight of English and American visitors, an old copper kettle, which he holds up and pats, and says "Mijnheer, he was mended von hondred time." He takes great pride in the sleeping-rooms of his domestics, with their tiny square cots, all curtained round, and smelling as fresh as a meadow; and in the broad wooden staircase, which is so wonderfully built that when you have reached the first landing, you cannot get to the landing beyond, except by going downstairs and mounting again by a different route. "Ia, but he is a good stairs," says the landlord, stroking the balustrade.

While the landlord was expatiating on his kettle, and his staircase, there drove up to the inn a queer, high, two wheeled vehicle, which from its size, shape, and color, I took to be a species of private hearse. The notion was strengthened by the deliberate way in which it pulled up at a public-house. It was not a hearse, however, but the family conveyance of a squat Dutch farmer, who got down to pass the compliments and drink a glass of beer with mine host of the Huis Zeeburgh. I left them discussing, probably for the hundredth time, Slimme Ian's "points" as a trotter.

Within a few hundred yards of the Huis Zeeburgh lies the Jews' Cemetery, a

dreary Golgotha of a place, with the sea wind souging in the branches of the trees, and the grass overgrown and rank. The grey, mouldering tombstones lean this way and that, for the ceaseless wash of the waves beneath is always lessening their hold on the earth. The inscriptions on the tombs are in Hebrew, and the presence of that strange old tongue seems still further to isolate the desolate cemetery from the busy world around it.

From The Spectator.

"JOHN BULL ET SON ILE" IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE can be but little doubt that we have had our Continental critics ever since the days when we painted ourselves with woad and fought under Boadicea; but Monsieur Perlin's diary of his visit to us in 1553, extracts from which we published a short time ago, is the first connected essay on our manners and customs that has yet been discovered. The reason may be found in the fact that, until that period, we were not looked upon by the rest of Europe as foreigners, in the true sense of the word, at all. Unity of religion was a bond knitting us to the nations of the Continent in an intimacy most significant. When that bond was broken, as far as our neighbors were concerned we might as well have returned to our woad and our Boadicea. Since then we have been foreigners indeed, and during the lulls in bloodshed and religious persecution, have been visited from time to time by enterprising individuals, principally from France. Monsieur Perlin in the sixteenth century, Monceca in the eighteenth, and M. Taine and Max O'Rell in the nineteenth, have published their impressions of England and the English. There is one other, a critic of the seventeenth century, whose account of our country and customs is well worth reading. Monsieur Jorevin de Rocheford's description of England and Ireland was printed at Paris in 1672. As the work is in three volumes, we can, of course, give but a limited number of extracts. The first town of importance visited by Monsieur de Rocheford was "Cantorbery;" and an incidental remark *à propos* of the Church of England may be interesting to upholders of the "Ornaments Rubric:"—"Although this great kingdom has quitted the Catholic religion for an hundred and twenty years to embrace that of Calvin,

that has not prevented there being bishops and archbishops according to their fashion, who wear in their assemblies the same habits formerly worn by the Catholics, and the churches are the same as in those times." On the way to London we hear of "long poles on the tops of which were little kettles in which fires were lighted to give notice when there is any danger in the country and robbers on the way." London, we are told, is the "largest [city] after Paris in all Europe." The Duke of York is described as "dressed nearly in the French fashion, as the English generally are. He wore a kind of surtout coat, and under it a waistcoat with a belt, wherein hung a sabre by his side; and on his left leg was a garter of blue taffety, which is the royal order. The whole was without much show and with little ceremony, since we remarked that he saluted almost all those who stopped to look at him whilst walking in the garden." This "garden of St. James's" was an object of much admiration to M. de Rocheford. It "is of great extent, since it includes a park filled with all sorts of deer, a mall above a thousand paces long, bordered on one side by a great canal, on which are to be seen waterfowl of all sorts, and an aviary near it, where are birds of divers countries and different plumage, which serve to divert the king, who, frequently visits them. There is at the beginning of that canal, upon a pedestal, a brazen figure of a gladiator holding his buckler with one hand and with the other a sword: the attitude of this statue is much esteemed." Of Westminster Abbey we are told that "at present it serves as a temple for that town, and a mausoleum for the kings of England;" and we have mention of the "Jacob's Stone" legend, "the tomb of St. Edouard and Jacob's Stone, whereon he rested his head when he had the vision of the angels ascending and descending from heaven to earth on a long ladder. This stone is like marble, of a bluish color; it may be about a foot and a half in breadth, and is enclosed in a chair, on which the kings of England are seated at their coronation; wherefore, to do honor to strangers who come to see it, they cause them to sit down on it." M. de Rocheford evidently visited the Row in the height of the season. He tells us of "Ay parte . . . the common walk and jaunt for the coaches of London, where we plainly perceived that the English ladies are very handsome, and that they know it very well." Of the religious condition of London, he says,

"They reckon above twenty sorts of religions in London, every one having liberty of conscience to live according to his fancy. I was there in Lent; but little appearance of it was to be seen unless in the Palace of St. Marcel [Somerset House?], which belonged to the deceased queen-mother of England, in the chapel of which there are some Capuchins, who say many masses every day, and on Sundays the service is performed there with great devotion. These Capuchins baptize and marry the Catholics of London; and when they go to carry the sacrament to any one in the town, they are dressed like gentlemen, and you would sometimes rather take them for captains than Capuchins; but they are obliged to this, to avoid the insults of the passengers and lower citizens." During M. de Rocheford's long and interesting description of the town, we hear of "L'Incoln Infields, the fields of Lincoln, which is a square larger than the Place Royal at Paris; the houses that encompass it are all built in the same style; the king has given them to the nobility for their residence; the middle is a field filled with flowers, and kept in as good order as if it was the parterre of some fine house;" the Tower and the Mint, with the "wild beasts of all sorts;" the river Fleet and London Bridge, "of stone and . . . in length upwards of four hundred paces, with nineteen arches; the houses that cover it have been burned and rebuilt; they are inhabited by many rich merchants."

A local coloring is given to the legend of St. George; for we read that near the suburb of "Sodoark [Southwark], which might pass for a great city were it encompassed with walls," there were "two large hospitals for the poor near a field where St. George with his lance killed the dragon that ravaged all the country." "Near . . . is the little village of Lambermark [Lambeth Marsh], in which stands the great castle of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the house of a citizen who has a cabinet filled with all sorts of rare and curious things, generally visited by strangers. London appears on the other side of the river, and also many fine palaces which are highly ornamental." It seems that the Thames embankment was even then projected. "I could wish here was a fine quay, that being ordinarily the beauty of and the finest walk of maritime towns. It was proposed one should be made, and the thing would have been done, had it not been opposed by the owners of the houses and gardens, who were

fearful of losing them." In place of penny steamboats there were a "number of little barks, that they call boats, somewhat resembling the gondolas of Venice, which are convenient to shorten the great distance by land from one end of the town to the other; and they go so swiftly, even against the stream, that it would be impossible for a post-horse to keep pace with them." St. Paul's was much admired by our visitor, and he was deeply interested in the London Stone, called by him "Londonehton." He tells us, "This, it is said, was placed by William the Conqueror as a boundary to his conquests. Others say it grew there spontaneously. Be that as it may, the coaches, by striking against in passing, have much diminished it. One must not fail to observe it well, for it is said that he has not seen London who has not seen this stone." In Moorfields, we read of the "meadows near the town, where there are always jugglers and merry-Andrews;" and "a mile from thence. . . a little river called Nieu River, a part of whose waters are conducted by subterraneous pipes into the fountains of the city; near it is a pit or gulf, of which no bottom can be found."

"To see fine works in linen and silk you must go to the ancient convent of the fathers of the Chartreuse; but I would not advise you to go to Bridoye [Bridewell], which is near it, for fear they should detain you, unless you are desirous of seeing the means used to discipline, and reduce by force to good-manners those that will not be kept within bounds by reason and gentle usage."

Of Sunday observance, we hear "there is no kingdom where Sunday is better observed than in England; for, so far from selling things on that day, even the carrying of water for the houses is not permitted; nor can any one play at bowls, or any other game, or even touch a musical instrument or sing aloud in his own house without incurring the penalty of a fine." Of our customs and peculiarities, we have the following account: "It is not customary to eat supper in England. In the evening they only take a certain beverage which they call botterdel; it is composed of sugar, cinnamon, butter, and beer brewed without hops. This is put in a pot, set before the fire to heat, and is drank hot. The English have this peculiarity, that they do not speak when any one drinks in their company. This nation is tolerably polite, in which they have in a great measure a resemblance to the French, whose modes and fashions they

study and imitate. They are in general large, fair, pretty well made, and have good faces. They have a great respect for their women, whom they court with all imaginable civility. It is true they are handsome, and naturally serious; nevertheless, they rather choose to walk with a young man or bachelor than with one that is married, as I have many times observed. They always sit at the upper end of the table, and dispose of what is placed on it by helping every one, entertaining the company with some pleasant conceit or agreeable story. In fine, they are respected as mistresses, whom every one is desirous of obeying; and, to speak the truth, England is the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy is their purgatory. Strangers in general are not liked in London, even the Irish and Scots, who are subjects of the same king. The English are good soldiers on the land, but more particularly so at sea; they are dexterous and courageous, proper to engage in a field of battle, where they are not afraid of blows. . . . The eldest sons of the kings of England bear the title of Prince of Wall [*sic*] which is a province of England, long governed by its own sovereign princes. The inhabitants of this province are the least esteemed of all others in England, inasmuch that it is an affront to any man to call him Vvelchmen, — that is to say, a man of the province of Wales. . . . According to the custom of the country, the landladies [of inns] sup with strangers and passengers; and if they have daughters they are also of the company, to entertain the guests at table with pleasant conceits, where they drink as much as the men. But what is to me the most disgusting in all this is, that when one drinks the health of any person in company, the custom of the country does not permit you to drink more than half the cup, which is filled up and presented to him or her whose health you have drank. Moreover, the supper being finished, they set on the table half-a-dozen pipes and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom as well among women as men, who think that without tobacco one cannot live in England, because, they say it dissipates the evil humors of the brain." M. de Rocheford left London by "the common Oxford wagon," and proceeded through different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, meeting with divers adventures, including a street brawl at Chester with a "young, giddy-headed fellow," who had said that "he should not fear two French-

men." The Irish question was then, as now, unanswered; and M. de Rocheford is of opinion that "if any Catholic prince was to attempt the conquest of Ireland . . . he would be readily seconded by the inhabitants. On this account perhaps it is that there are garrisons in all the maritime places, and the entries and ports are always guarded." At Drogheda he attended a surreptitious mass, where he saw "before mass above fifty persons confess, and afterwards communicate with a devotion truly Catholic, and sufficient to draw these blind religionists to the true faith. The chapel in which the priest celebrated mass was not better adorned than the chamber; but God does not seek grand palaces, he chooses poverty and pureness of heart in those that serve him." As a pendant to M. Perlin's earlier account, these travels are interesting, and indicative of our national progress in a hundred years. Whether that progress is as sure as it is slow, is a question that may be answered when some future Frenchman gives our posterity his impressions of "John Bull et son Ile" in the twentieth century.

From All The Year Round.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE AND PEN.

"If people only knew beforehand," once observed a profound philosopher, "the ridicule they bring upon themselves by the unreflecting use of their tongue and pen, how many absurdities would have remained unspoken and unwritten!" There is no denying the truth of this remark; but it is far from holding good in every case. Certain of our fellow-creatures, either from habit or from a natural deficiency as regards intelligence, seem to be incapable of reflection, and to say or write invariably whatever comes uppermost in their minds without the remotest idea of its being amenable to criticism. Examples of this unfortunate infirmity are by no means rare, and have furnished the compilers of "ana" from time immemorial with more or less authentic materials for the amusement of their readers. Many of these, from frequent use, have been worn threadbare; but it is still possible for an industrious gleaner — we hope so, at least — to extract from comparatively neglected sources a few stray *nai-vetés*, which, if not absolutely new, may perhaps be considered worthy of reproduction.

One of our literary celebrities, happening not long ago to visit a lady of his acquaintance, found her engaged in watching with great interest the freaks of a tame raven hopping about the room. "Come and see my purchase," she said. "I bought him yesterday." "In memory of Edgar Poe?" he asked. "No," she replied; "you'll never guess why." "I give it up." "Well, then, I was told that ravens live three hundred years, so I thought I would buy one, just to satisfy myself whether they did or not."

The following dates from the wars of the League, when a report having spread that the Comte de Soissons had been killed in battle, one of his intimates, anxious for his safety, dispatched a letter to him, of which this is a literal transcript: "They say that you have gained a victory, but that you are dead. Please let me know the exact state of things, for I should be truly sorry if anything had happened to you."

The husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin was fond of reading, and often had recourse to an obliging friend, possessor of a well-stocked library. Wishing to peruse a certain book of travels, he borrowed the first volume, and having finished it, took it back to the owner, and asked for the second, which, in a fit of abstraction, he left on the table, carrying away the one he had just returned, and reading it over again without perceiving his error. His wife, seeing him deeply absorbed in the contents, enquired how he liked the work. "It is extremely interesting," he replied; "but it strikes me that the author is rather too apt to repeat himself."

The same Geoffrin, on returning home one night from the theatre, was asked by a lady what piece he had seen. "I really cannot tell you, madame," was his answer: "I was in such a hurry to secure my place that I never thought of looking at the bill."

After the battle of Austerlitz a grave-digger, engaged in burying the dead, was suddenly interrupted in his work by an exclamation of horror from the officer whose duty it was to superintend the operation, and who indignantly affirmed that one of the bodies just consigned to the earth still breathed. "That shows how little you are in the habit of this sort of thing," coolly retorted the grave-digger; "if you were to pay attention to all they say, there wouldn't be a single dead man among them!"

The inhabitants of a village in the south

of France, having decided on the acquisition of a picture for the altar of their church, deputed two of their number to make the necessary arrangements with an eminent painter residing in a neighboring town. The subject chosen being the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, the artist, after the preliminaries had been settled, enquired whether they wished the saint to be represented alive or dead, a question which somewhat puzzled the envoys, who looked at each other for a few minutes without speaking. At last the brighter of the two, imagining that he had solved the difficulty, opined that he had better be painted alive, "For," he remarked, "if our people would rather have him dead, they can easily kill him at any time."

A peasant, whose father was taken suddenly ill, started off to the curé's house late at night, and remained at the door nearly three hours, knocking every now and then so gently that nobody heard him. When the priest at length came down, "What are you here for?" he asked. "And why did you not knock louder?" "My father was dying when I left him," was the reply, "but I did not like to disturb you." "Then he must be dead by this time," observed the curé, "and it is too late for me to be of any use." "Oh no, monsieur, not at all," eagerly answered his visitor; "my neighbor, Pierrot, promised me faithfully that he would keep him alive until you came."

During a recent discussion on the subject of vaccination, when its supporters and opponents had fairly exhausted their arguments, one of the company, who had not hitherto spoken, volunteered his opinion that far from being a benefit to the human race, the precaution was both dangerous and unnecessary. "I will give you a proof," he said. "The son of a friend of mine, as healthy a little fellow as you would wish to see, was vaccinated by the advice of an idiotic medical man who attended the family, and what was the consequence? He died two days after the operation had been performed!" Here the speaker paused for a moment, evidently gratified by the impression he had made on his hearers. "Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "the poor lad, who was as active as a squirrel, was in the act of climbing a tree, when, a branch giving way, he lost his hold and was killed by the fall. Don't talk to me of vaccination after that."

French peasants, especially Normans, are the most litigious of men, never so happy as when meditating on a lawsuit,

and prosecuting it with an amount of energy and dogged perseverance rarely displayed by them in the ordinary occurrences of life. One of these, a native of Coutances, having, as he imagined, just cause of complaint against an equally obstinate neighbor, determined to bring the matter to an issue by consulting an advocate on the subject, and soliciting his opinion as to the probable result of a trial. After hearing the particulars of the case, the lawyer shrugged his shoulders, and informed the applicant that he had not the shadow of a chance, and that, if he persisted, he would only lose his time and money; adding that a certain article of the Code Napoleon effectually barred his claim.

"An article!" exclaimed the astounded client. "What does it say?"

"You can judge for yourself when you have read it," said the advocate, handing him the volume in question, and indicating the passage alluded to.

Profiting by an instant when the other's back was turned, the wily Norman quietly tore out the leaf, stuffed it into his pocket, and gave back the book with a hypocritical sigh.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the man of law.

"I suppose I must be," replied the peasant in a melancholy tone, and, taking leave of his counsellor, repaired post-haste to the house of a rival advocate, who, less scrupulous than his colleague, at once undertook the case, which, as might be expected, was finally adjudged against the plaintiff. A few days after the trial, the disconsolate suitor happening to meet the lawyer he had first consulted, "Well," remarked the latter, "you see what you have gained by not believing what I told you."

"I wish I had," was the answer; "but I never thought I could possibly lose. It's very strange all the same."

"Strange!" echoed the advocate; "not at all. Did you not yourself read the article that clearly settled the matter?"

"That is precisely what puzzles me," said the Norman; "considering that I lit my pipe with the very page on which that infernal article was printed, how the judges came to get hold of it passes my comprehension altogether."

In the heart of that portion of France once called Provence, is a village known by the name of Les Martigues, the inhabitants of which, generally denominated "Martigaus," have long enjoyed the reputation of being the most idiotic Boeotians

on the face of the earth. One of them, chancing to visit the town of Aix on business, beheld there an object hitherto unknown to him in the shape of a pump, the water flowing freely from which struck him with admiration. It must be mentioned that, owing to the chalky soil of the locality, the Martigaus, far from possessing a superfluity of the crystal element, were frequently obliged in seasons of drought to procure a scanty supply from a distant spring; the sight, therefore, of such an apparently inexhaustible abundance of water was a novelty to the visitor, and inspired him with the bright idea of endowing his village with one of these wondrous machines, and of thereby securing for himself a well-merited popularity. With this laudable intent he repaired to the largest iron-foundry in the town, and invested six hundred francs in the purchase of a pump, the maker undertaking to transport it to Les Martigues, and fix it in a suitable place. On his arrival, he found the entire population, old and young, assembled to witness the ceremony; and was conducted to an open space in the centre of the village, selected by the notables as the most convenient spot.

"Here," said his customer, naturally taking upon himself the office of spokesman, "is the place we have chosen."

"Very good," replied the founder, looking round as if in search of something; "but where is the well?"

"The well! If we had one I shouldn't have bought the pump. What can you possibly want a well for?"

"To supply the water, of course."

"What!" cried the exasperated Martigau. "I buy your pump in order to have water, and now I am to find water for the pump! It is a scandalous imposition, and as sure as I live, I will bring an action against you for cheating me!"

Whether he did bring the action or got his money back is not recorded; but it appears certain that fresh water is still as great a rarity as ever in the village of Les Martigues.

A museum having been opened to the public in a provincial town, the door-keeper was particularly enjoined to let no one pass without first taking charge of his stick or umbrella. Presently in sauntered an individual, his hands carelessly stuck in his pockets.

"Sticks and umbrellas to be left here," vociferated Cerberus, suspiciously eying the new comer, and effectually barring his progress.

"Can't you see I have neither?" impatiently exclaimed the latter.

"Then you must go back and get one," retorted the janitor. "My orders are positive, and I can't let you in without."

Shortly after the successful appearance of Henriette Sontag at the Italian Opera in Paris, a group of young fashionables, lounging before Tortoni's, were in ecstasies about her, one extolling the charm of her voice, and another her beauty. "She is certainly very pretty," chimed in a third; "but it is a great pity that one of her eyes is smaller than the other." "Smaller!" exclaimed the most enthusiastic of the party; "*mon bon*, your opera-glass has deceived you. If you had said larger than the other, you would have been nearer the mark."

Among the visitors to a fine art exhibition were two old ladies fresh from the country, engaged in examining with great interest a statue representing a young Greek, underneath which were inscribed the words "Executed in terra-cotta."

"Where is Terra Cotta?" asked the elder of the two, turning to her companion.

"I haven't the least idea," replied the other; "I never heard of the place before."

"Ah well," observed the first speaker, "it doesn't much signify. The poor man who was executed there is not the less to be pitied, wherever it may be."

A librarian, employed in compiling the catalogue of an extensive collection of theological works, happening to find among them a volume printed in Hebrew characters, which were perfectly unintelligible to him, was at a loss how to class it in his list. After mature consideration, he described it as follows: "Item, a book, the beginning of which is at the end."

On some one remarking to a lady, the strictness of whose educational system was proverbial, that her children were invariably dull and out of spirits, "You are quite right," she replied, "and yet I do all I can to cure them of it; but the more I whip them, the sulkier they look."

A timid Parisian bourgeois, who had more than once been robbed in that unfrequented quarter of the city bordering the Canal St. Martin, declared that he would not set foot out of doors again after nightfall. "Why don't you carry a revolver?" asked a neighbor. "What would be the use of that?" he said; "the thieves would be sure to take it from me."

A lady of mature age, not particularly well favored by nature, had a mania for

private theatricals, especially affecting the parts of youthful heroines. When complimented by a flatterer on her performance of one of these, "You are very good," she said with a becoming show of modesty, "but to represent the character properly one ought to be young and pretty." "Ah, madame," naïvely answered her obsequious admirer, "you have just given us a convincing proof of the contrary."

Similarly partial to amateur acting was a French countess, who seldom omitted to indulge in her favorite pastime during her annual sojourn in a château near Paris. On one occasion she had invited a number of equally stage-struck guests, and had organized a dramatic entertainment; the inhabitants of the neighboring village being admitted as a special favor to witness the performance. When all had passed off satisfactorily, the countess was informed that a deputation, composed of the leading farmers of the district, solicited the honor of an interview with her and her "society." Naturally expecting to be complimented on her exertions, and not a little curious to ascertain the popular opinion of her talent, Madame de R— received her visitors most courteously; but was somewhat surprised on finding that, beyond a great deal of bowing and scraping, not one appeared to have a word to say for himself; the members of the "deputation" staring first at her and then at each other, evidently at a loss how to begin. At length the hostess, embarrassed in her turn by their prolonged silence, graciously enquired if she could be of any further service to them; whereupon one of the party summoned up courage enough to say that they had come for their *pourboire*. Doubting whether she had heard aright, she repeated the question, and was horrified by the same spokesman coolly suggesting that as they had sat out the performance without understanding a syllable of it out of respect for Madame la Comtesse (here the bowing and scraping were renewed), it was only fair that they should be paid for their trouble. How the matter was finally settled has not been handed down to us; but it is probable that the presence of so enlightened an audience was not considered indispensable to the success of any subsequent theatrical representation at the château.

On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815 so many royalist emigrants applied for pensions or places under the new government that the ministers, in order to ascertain the justice of their claims, found

it expedient to interrogate them closely as to the political principles advocated by them in 1793. A youth, barely twenty years of age, having been presented by a lady to M. de Blacas as a candidate for a vacant post, the first question put to her by the minister was: "What was the political conduct of this young gentleman during the Revolution?"

One of the reigning belles in Paris some years ago was the Princess G—, by birth a Wallachian, whose magnificent eyes were the object of general admiration. Far from being vain of their attractive powers, she invariably maintained that although in France people chose to call them beautiful, yet in her own country, where every one had equally fine ones, they would not even be noticed. A lady friend of hers, not over-gifted with intelligence, and afflicted with a pair of small and inexpressive eyes, listened attentively to these remarks, and mentally vowed that if ever she married, her husband should be a Wallachian, and nothing else; but where to find one of her own rank in life was for some time no easy matter. As she was rich and independent, candidates for her hand were not wanting: Poles, Greeks, and Russians by scores successively presented themselves, and were summarily dismissed; until at length a suitor of the desired nationality, and a prince into the bargain, made his appearance, and after a very short courtship carried off his bride, who previous to their union had settled upon him the greater part of her fortune, to his estate in Wallachia. Six or eight months later the Princess G. received a letter from the self-exiled fair one, couched in the following terms: "I might have spared myself the misery I have undergone since my unlucky marriage with a semi-barbarian, who is hardly ever sober, and has made away with almost every sou I possessed; for I have not attained my object after all. From what you said, I imagined that the air would do wonders for me; but more than half a year has elapsed since my arrival here, and I can positively assure you that my eyes are not a bit larger than they were before!"

When the Academician Baour-Lormian had completed his translation of Tasso's "*Gerusalemme*," he not a little astonished one of his colleagues who had been commending the fidelity of the version by saying: "Now that I have finished my task, and have plenty of time before me, I intend to set seriously to work and learn Italian!"

From The Spectator.

THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

CONCEDING at the outset that there is much that is wholly healthy and admirable in our national sports, we yet believe the present to be a not inappropriate occasion for making a protest against the exaggerated social importance attached to proficiency in them. The full extent of our heresy becomes apparent when we further announce our intention of singling out lawn-tennis for especial consideration. Let us, however, frankly admit the fascination of the game, and grant that, were any ulterior end to be attained, we can perfectly understand how easy it might be to make it the chief business of a lifetime. It takes less room, fewer players, and less time than cricket, and within the compass of an hour or two gives don (as the grassplots of Merton and All Souls bear witness), journalist, or barrister a sufficiency of the healthful excitement, distraction, and fresh air so valuable to them. But it is the overdoing of it that we object to as at once ridiculous and dangerous. The possession of a tennis-ground has become such an imperative social necessity, that every wretched little garden-plot is pressed into the service, and courts are religiously traced out in half the meagre back gardens of the suburbs of London, even though the available space is often little bigger than a billiard-table. Two thousand five hundred persons paid half-crowns to witness the unsuccessful attempt recently made by Mr. Lawford to dethrone Mr. W. Renshaw, one of "the Great Twin-Brethren of lawn-tennis," from the championship; and the breathless interest exhibited made it only too plain that the event, to many of those present, was of far deeper importance than the fate of the Franchise Bill. The play was of a high, nay, transcendental order of merit, the champion especially displaying an audacity of attack and ubiquitous activity that awoke enthusiasm even in the hardened bosoms of the critics. The elder player, indeed, seemed bewildered for a while by the rapidity of his opponent. He was also handicapped by a strained wrist, and was unfortunate in being frequently "foot-faulted" by a vigilant transatlantic umpire. We would respectfully call attention to this word, one of the latest neologisms of the game, a term which, along with "masher" and other choice vocables, may be expected to appear in the third edition of Bellows's inimitable French and English Dictionary.

It is when one considers the extent of the sacrifices requisite to attain this severity of "service" and "return," that the seriousness of the question arises. The specialism of the age is carried into the sphere of games. As a contemporary remarks, "The time has passed when a country curate or a competition-wallah home on leave could aspire to championship honors." Not only must the aspirant have the requisite leisure, but he must refrain from indulging in a diversity of pastimes, and concentrate his energies upon the one game, and that alone. Cricketers, to keep their hand in in the winter, find themselves under the necessity of undertaking tours to the antipodes. The lucky lawn-tennis player need not, however, travel so far afield. True, he must sacrifice his hunting, but the sacrifice is slight when we consider that no further off than the Riviera does he find ample scope for indulging his favorite taste; and the dwellers at Pau and Cannes are now initiated into the mysteries of the "smash"—another word for Mr. Bellows, besides its use in potatoes—"foot-faulting," and the like. We already have tournaments all over the three kingdoms, championship meetings for ladies as well as gentlemen, inter-university and international matches; and we confidently look forward to the day when a team of Australian lawn-tennis players will visit our shores with the regularity and success that attend on the redoubtable band of cricketers whose names have already become household words amongst us. For who knows not of Murdoch, the Ulysses of cricket; Blackham, peerless among wicket-keepers; and Spofforth, whose fiendish speed of delivery has won for him a title suggestive of supernatural powers? It is positively difficult to avoid lapsing into a heroic vein when treating of these mighty personages. So, too, in the world of lawn-tennis, eminent players are beginning to have their special titles, and the Messrs. Renshaw, as we mentioned above, have been fitly dubbed the Great Twin-Brethren. A decent respect, a becoming silence, and motionlessness of attitude, are indispensable on the part of the spectators on any great occasion. An anecdote in point is related of a noted performer, who is very particular on this score. During a grand match, after he had just been adjuring one of the small boys in attendance to stand still, and had got into position, an audacious butterfly, totally devoid of any proper feeling, boldly fluttered on to the court, and caused the

famous *virtuoso* a further delay of several seconds, until it thought fit to depart, to the great amusement of a certain section of the spectators who were hardly alive to the solemnity of the occasion. It would be easy to multiply instances of the seriousness, the Teutonic thoroughness, which characterize the pursuit of this game. Of late, the correspondence columns of the *Field* have been devoted to a discussion as to the difference between "absolutely unreturnable" and "impossible of return," conducted in a truly Aristotelian spirit. Perhaps, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole thing may be best exemplified by the following story. We have been assured, on credible authority, that the run upon the crack lawn-tennis racquet-maker is so great that gentlemen who have found their own powers of persuasion and offers of enhanced prices unavailing, have been reduced, and with success, to the employment of the feminine wiles of their sisters to coax the coveted implements out of the artist. We should greatly like to hear what an intelligent foreigner would have to say who had witnessed the recent tournament at Wimbledon. His comments would, at any rate, prove entertaining, even though he saw no more "wit" in the game than the Frenchman did in cricket, or felt as mystified as the Turk at Constantinople who, seeing some young Englishmen playing football, cried out, "Will no one stop this fight?"

There is, however, we think, a real danger in this earnestness with which we Englishmen take our pleasure, when it reaches such lengths as we have endeavored to show that it has reached in the case of lawn-tennis. And the general public are in great measure to blame, for the preposterous amount of interest they exhibit in this victimizing of them by the young men and women whom a natural aptitude, supplemented by assiduous practice, has placed in the front rank of performers. In a thoughtful paper on "Athleticism," contributed by Mr. Edward Lyttelton to the *Nineteenth Century* some while ago, the writer, himself a mighty cricketer, spoke of the great fascination exerted by proficiency in any branch of athletics. Once at the top of the tree, the temptation to endeavor to stop there is very great. The risks of so doing may not be apparent at the time, but they are none the less real. For we conceive that a serious danger must be allowed to attach to this practice of allowing the pursuit of excellence in a game to

eat up all one's energies at that critical time when the choice of a profession has to be made. It is a generally admitted fact that good brain-work cannot be done in combination with an excess of physical exercise. Moreover, for the ambitious lawn-tennis player, this exercise must be confined to the one pastime. This singleness of pursuit has, as its inevitable consequence, a wonderfully restrictive influence on the conversational powers. For, of all talkers of "shop," defend us from the lawn-tennis amateur.

Even though the victims of this modern craze be few, still we think that an appeal to that section of society which encourages them in their ways, is neither out of place nor useless. The surplus activity displayed by the devotees of the lawn-tennis world might surely be devoted to something better than gadding about the country from tournament to tournament. At the same time, it is one of the necessary evils of a more advanced civilization, that as bodily strength, or endurance, or activity become less indispensable for success in the world, there is an increasing temptation for the possessors of these qualities to expend them in a variety of futile pursuits, six days' walking-matches, attempts, successful or otherwise, to "break" the "record" for various distances, and so forth. And when the day arrives, as arrive it must, though constant training may defer it to the close of the seventh or even the eighth lustre, when the running-shoes must be doffed for good and all, or when the "form" of the amateur cricketer no longer warrants his selection, for five days out of every seven throughout the summer, to represent his county, what a barren vista must needs open out for those who have neglected to cultivate other and more enduring tastes while it was still possible to acquire them! We speak particularly of men for whom the necessity of earning a livelihood has unluckily been dispensed with through the possession of independent means. Doctor Johnson, in perhaps an access of dyspepsia, once declared the reason for all the dancing, theatre-going, and pleasure-seeking of so large a portion of the community, to be that they were afraid to sit at home and think. Introspection is seldom an agreeable task, but it is doubly unpleasant when no record of solid achievement presents itself as the pages of the past unfold themselves.

We have, in the main, devoted our remarks to lawn-tennis, but they apply to

other sports as well; the chief danger of lawn-tennis being the artificial facilities that exist for rendering it an all-the-year-round pastime. This we believe to be one of the only points which imperil its chances of abiding popularity. It was this that in great part accounted for the decline and fall of rinking. A vigorous attempt is being made to convert ice-skating also into a pastime independent of the seasons; but even the dazzling prospect of silver badges for proficiency in the higher flights of the art will fail, we are convinced, to tempt more than a few monomaniacs to forsake the fresh air of a summer's day for the temperature of an ice-rink. It is too cold-blooded and unnatural a practice to become popular. For the chief charm of skating to an Englishman is its uncertainty. And for those who derive most real enjoyment and good from lawn-tennis—not the professors of the craft, be it boldly stated—a great, if not the chief, attraction lies in its association with warm weather. Another notable objection to an overdue devotion to any game is the consequent deadening of interest in it *quâ* game.

Again, a professional racquet or tennis-player never plays so well as when there is "something on the game." Some cynical persons will be found to assert that they will never play-up otherwise. At any rate, very handsome inducements are found necessary to tempt itinerant lawn-tennis players of renown to enter their names for local tournaments. In other word, "pot-hunting" is encouraged, and with it the *morale* of lawn-tennis players must deteriorate. And though we have not yet developed the professional lawn-tennis player, there are young men who make lawn-tennis a special study if not a profession, to the exclusion of all other pursuits. To these, and to the society who fosters them, we address the serious warning that it is a great mistake and a great mischief to substitute amusements for the Muses, and recreation for the work which alone justifies recreation.

From The Argosy.

PETER MACKEY'S THREE SWEETHEARTS.

THOUGH I am, I suppose, an old maid, I take much interest in other people's love affairs. My friends know and humor this little weakness, and consequently in the course of twenty years or so I have collected a large number of love-stories.

They are of all kinds—sad, joyful, touching, absurd, sentimental, or eccentric. But perhaps the oddest of them all is the one I am about to relate.

The reasons which decided me to spend a twelvemonth in a certain little Aberdeenshire village, unknown to human ken, need not be entered into here. I had a cottage to myself, and one maidservant, by name Mary Duthie. And what a pretty creature she was, with her golden hair and big grey eyes, and tall supple figure! It was a real pleasure to see her at her work, in her spotless lilac gown and tucked-up sleeves, and to watch the fascinating, unconscious grace with which she did the simplest thing.

I am afraid I spoiled that girl. She was engaged to Jem Leslie, a farmer's son, who nearly worried the life out of her by his jealousy—for which I suspect he had sometimes cause. The two quarrelled nearly every Sabbath, but always made it up again in the course of a week; so that I was by no means surprised when Mary informed me one day that she had broken off with Jem Leslie forever; but very much astonished indeed to hear a few weeks later that she had promised herself to Peter Mackey.

"Well," I said to her, "I do not wish to intermeddle with love affairs, but I must say that I think Jem the better man of the two."

But Mary tossed her pretty head, and remarked with reference to her rejected lover, that "she was weary o' the creature's havers, an' had jist tauld him that he needna' fash himsel' about her ony mair, for she cud e'en tak' care o' her nain sel'." Peter Mackey, she told me, was about to start for Aberdeen, a well-to-do uncle having found a good situation for him there.

I knew something of Mr. Peter, as he was my landlord's only son. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a "gweed aneuch heid," as his father used to say, but an all too-susceptible heart. A pretty face captivated him indirectly, though his attachments were generally more violent than lasting. I had made up my mind that he would marry Jeanie Sanderson, a handsome enough lassie, a good housekeeper, and an heiress in a small way; but Jeanie had left five or six months ago for London, to visit an infirm aunt, and now Peter was engaged to Mary Duthie. I was vexed about the whole affair, especially as I sympathized with poor Jem Leslie. Yet certainly it was no concern of mine.

I do not think that Mary ever received any love-letters from Aberdeen. It was not the fashion in her village in those days for lovers to correspond. But she always wore round her neck half of the sixpence which Peter had broken with her, so I began to be quite in despair for my favorite Jem.

But after three months or so from Peter Mackey's departure for Aberdeen, some little incidents occurred which showed up that young man in his true light.

The first of these events was the return of Jeanie Sanderson from London, and a visit paid by her to her old acquaintance, Mary Duthie. The two girls had not been together more than a quarter of an hour, when sounds of violent weeping proceeded from the kitchen. Hastening in to see what was the matter, I found Jeanie and Mary mingling their tears over some letters which lay on the table. Jeanie greeted me respectfully, and on my enquiring the cause of their grief, handed me a letter, saying,—

"Will ye be pleased to read that, mem?"

It was an effusion of Peter Mackey's, dated nine months back. It began, "My dearest Jeanie," spoke of the writer's unalterable affection, reminded Jeanie of her promise to become his wife as soon as he should be able to provide a suitable home for her, and was signed, "Your own Patie."

I must confess that my first feeling on reading this was one of satisfaction at my own discernment. "So you were engaged after all," I remarked; "but why was nothing said about it, and why was it broken off?"

"Ou," said Jeanie, looking at me indignantly, "Patie just asked me to be his wife the vera day before I sailed, so there wasna muckle time to lat it be known. And as for 'ts being 'broken off,' it's Patie ye must speir at aboot that, for I never heard tell o't till this day. Eh! but men are deceivers! But that's no' the worst o't, mem! Mary, give the lady Mrs. Birket's letter."

Mrs. Birket, it appeared, was Peter's landlady in Aberdeen, and had written that morning to Mary Duthie's mother, whom she had known when they were girls together, to ask some particulars of Peter's family and antecedents, as her niece and adopted daughter Mary Hine, was soon to be married to him.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that!" exclaimed Jeanie; "the man must be clean daft!"

I quite agreed with her, for I had never known a man before who was engaged to three women at once. Doubtless, Peter considered his first two affairs as mere flirtations; still his former sweethearts had in their possession a letter and a pledge which would be evidence against him in a court of law. But any proceeding of this kind was so foreign to the natures and prejudices of the injured girls, that I did no more than hint it.

The following morning, Mary asked my permission to go for a day or two to Aberdeen with Jeanie Saunderson, as they had thought of a plan for bringing their recalcitrant lover to his senses.

"Gin we dinna' mak' Peter think shame to himsel', my name's no' Jeanie Saunderson," were the parting words of that damsel.

Meanwhile Peter was happy in the society of his (latest) betrothed, who was a very charming girl; and it may be a little to my hero's excuse to remark that few men could have seen her bonny face and listened to her sweet voice evening after evening without falling in love with her. The susceptible Peter certainly could not, but throwing all old memories to the wind, proposed and was accepted.

Such being the state of affairs, Peter's feelings may be imagined when, on entering Mrs. Birket's parlor one evening, after his day's work was over, he saw seated by Mary Hine—Mary Duthie and Jeanie Saunderson.

Peter's first impulse was to withdraw hastily, but Mrs. Birket made flight impossible by closing the door, and standing between it and the conscience-stricken youth. "Just tak' a seat, Mr. Mackey," said she, and the culprit sank into an empty chair, placed at a little distance from the other three ladies. The situation was awkward in the extreme. The ladies continued their knitting without glancing at him; minute after minute passed, and the silence became intolerable. Peter could hear the beating of his own heart; twice he opened his lips to speak, but no sound issued from them; an icy tremor ran through his frame, and checked his utterance.

I give what follows verbatim, as reported to me by Mary Duthie.

"Weel," said Jeanie Saunderson at last, "sanna we be sattlin' oor bizness eenoo?"

"Aye, lassies," said Mary Hine, "but that'll be a haird matter, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"Ye see," said Jeanie, taking the initia-

tive, "this Peter Mackey belongs in a manner till's a'. Ist na sae?"

"Aye, but we canna a' hae him."

"Just that. Noo, fat think ye, lassies? Sanna we appeal till the law-courts?"

"Mithna we jist set a' richt amoo' oorsels?" said Mary Hine. "Foo gin we wus till cast lots for him? We've the warrant of Scripter for that, ye ken."

"Vera gweed," replied the others, and when Mrs. Birket had volunteered herself as one witness, the little servant-girl, Baubie, was called ben to be another. Peter's humiliation was certainly to be complete!

The lot fell on Mary Duthie.

"Peter Mackey," said she, "I ha'e anither string till my bow, so I'll e'en leave ye till Mary Hine or Jeanie; they're maybe wuntin' ye mair nor me. But mony thanks t' ye for yer kind offer, which I ha'e na forgotten."

Peter was too much subdued to offer a word in his own defence, and the proceedings were renewed.

This time the lot fell to Mary Hine.

"Peter," she said, "I winna cast up till ye hoo ye ha'e wronged me an' ithers. But this I maun say, a bad lover's no like to mak' a gweed husban', so I'll leave ye to Jeanie, if she's carin' to tak' ye."

"Weel, Patie," said Jeanie, "gin abody refeeses be I maun e'en ha'e ye mysel'. But it's on twa condeetions, min' ye. First that we'll be marriet this day month, an' second that there'll be nae mair o' these ongaens *aifter* marriage."

The wedding took place in due course, and Peter proved to be a most devoted and obedient husband. "Ye see, Mary 'oman," said Jeanie one day to Mrs. Jem Leslie (formerly Mary Duthie), "gin the gweed man sud turn whiles a bit camsteary an' oonrizzonable, I ha'e but till say till him, 'Weel, Patie, my man, it's a sair peety that Mary Duthie an' Mary Hine refeest ye, sin' the wife ye ha'e gotten disna' suit ye,' an' weel-a-wat or ever the words are weel owre my lips, he's jist as quaet's a lamb." E. A. B.

From All The Year Round.
MANX SMUGGLING.

As late as the commencement of the present century the most remunerative career open to a Manxman was undoubtedly smuggling. It was better than the bar, far better than the Church, both of which demanded an expensive education,

and offered but a meagre reward; while, beyond these, there was nothing else, except fishing and farming, and they could often be combined with it. When it became dangerous, it fell into disrepute; when it became unprofitable, it was abandoned entirely. It is difficult in these days to realize the gigantic scale upon which it was once carried on, but the following fact speaks for itself. During the reign of George the Third, commissioners were appointed to enquire into the matter, and they estimated the annual loss to the British crown at three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This certainly is a huge figure. But even on the supposition that it was merely a rough guess, it is likely to be rather under than over the mark, for negotiations for the sale of the island were then in progress between the crown and the Duke of Athole. Against it must be set off a sum of ten thousand pounds a year, the value of Manx smugglers and their cargoes seized off the Irish coast. Indeed, there seems to have been a pretty general idea, not altogether unwarranted by facts, that Manxmen spent part of their time in hunting the herring, and the rest in being hunted by revenue-cutters.

The geographical position of the island was one of the chief reasons for this singular state of affairs. Being centrally situated with reference to "the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland," it was an excellent depôt for contraband goods, which could thence be run across to their ultimate destination at a convenient season. In fact, it was a sort of bonded warehouse; the insular duties being so small, that they may be regarded as payment for storage. British spirits, for example, paid merely a shilling a gallon; tea, sixpence a pound; coffee, fourpence; tobacco, threepence; and salt, which was smuggled in enormous quantities, nothing at all. Still, absurdly low as these duties were, compared with those of the present day, they were often evaded; and in this there was no great difficulty, owing to the nature of the coast being as favorable to the smugglers as it was unfavorable to those ignorant of its peculiarities.

Range after range of high black headlands rising sheer out of the sea to confront the powerful currents that chafe around their base incessantly; innumerable caves peeping with innocent, half-closed eyes from behind the swirling eddies and bristling crags, yet expanding marvellously on closer acquaintance; long,

dark reefs, here thrusting a row of jagged edges above the water, and there lurking below the surface with a grim, patient look, significant of triumph eventually; wild glens turning and twisting among the hills, and at length losing themselves in trackless stretches of moorland where gorse, and heather, and boulder are mingled together in picturesque confusion, and where a carpet of velvety turf often conceals a dangerous chasm beneath — these are but a few of the natural advantages that the island offered to smuggling. What little was wanting, art soon stepped in to supply. Isolated farmhouses, barns, inns, and even cottages, served as capital storehouses, not likely to be tampered with by the insular excise officers, whose business was with the coast, and many of these buildings were provided with cellars stretching far away underground. Their use has gone, but some still remain. You may occasionally come across them in out-of-the-way spots; the road returns a hollow ring to the stamp of the foot, and the sound calls up many a romantic episode of an almost forgotten past. In conveying the goods across country, an old smuggler once told me, the cart-wheels and horses' feet were invariably muffled with crape, and the men were silent until the town had been left behind. It must have been a weird spectacle, this procession of phantom carts, with their shadowy riders, gliding noiselessly along the dark, deserted street, while the moon was in hiding, or not yet risen. What a crop of ghost stories could have sprung from a single night's sowing! Once in the open country the merry smugglers could laugh and sing to their hearts' desire. There was no one to interfere with them; most were in league with them. Rural policemen did not exist in the island; smuggling apart, they were unnecessary.

In consequence of the report laid before Parliament by the commissioners, certain restrictions were imposed upon the insular traffic, the lord of Man perforce consenting. The importation of British spirits was limited to forty thousand gallons; tea, twenty thousand pounds; coffee, five thousand pounds; and tobacco, forty thousand pounds. The exportation of these articles, and also of salt, was altogether prohibited. More absurd regulations could hardly be imagined. A vessel loaded with a mixed cargo could bring what she liked to the island, and as for getting the goods away again, she had merely to wait for a dark night. The insular revenue-officers were few and far

between, and by the Hovering Acts the English authorities could not touch her within nine miles of the shore. In order to secure a coign of vantage, the latter had agents in the island, some of them trustworthy enough, no doubt, but others in the pay of the smugglers; so that when anything important was about to take place, the government cutter was easily despatched on a wild-goose chase down channel.

Allusion has just been made to the Hovering Acts, which placed the limit of the lord of Man's jurisdiction at three leagues from the shore, the imaginary line being called "the piles." Of the working of these laws, Waldron, who was one of the above-mentioned agents to the British crown, gives an amusing illustration. In describing the town of Douglas early in the eighteenth century, he says: It "is full of very rich and eminent dealers. The reason of which is plain; the harbor of it being the most frequented of any in the Island, Dutch, Irish, and East India vessels, there is the utmost opportunity for carrying on the smuggling trade. So much, it must be confess'd, do some men prefer their gain to their safety, that they will venture it anywhere, but in this place there is little danger in infringing on the rights of the Crown. And here I must inform my reader that tho' his most excellent Majesty of Great Britain is master of the seas, yet the Lord of Man has the jurisdiction of so much round the Island, that a master of a ship has no more to do than to watch his opportunity of coming within the piles, and he is secure from any danger from the king's officers. I myself had once notice of a stately pirate that was steering her course into this harbor, and would have boarded her before she got within the piles, but for want of being able to get sufficient help, could not execute my design. Her cargo was indigo, mastic, raisins of the sun, and other very rich goods, which I had the mortification to see sold to the traders of Douglas without the least duty paid to his Majesty. The same ship was taken afterwards near the coast, by the information I sent of it to the Commissioners of the Customs."

The fact that Waldron was unable "to get sufficient help" on this occasion, and probably on many others, is readily explained. Nearly everybody in the island was engaged in smuggling, some providing the capital, the others doing the work, which was just sufficiently spiced with adventure to make it fascinating, and the

few who had no share in the contraband trade, like Nellie Cook, "looked askew." A highly immoral state of society, it may be said. But, according to Chief Justice Blundell, the Isle of Man was "no parcel of the realm of England," so Manxmen were only doing what many statesmen of the present day would not shrink from—dishing a foreign government. Nor had they any great cause for friendly feelings towards their neighbors. From time immemorial the island had been ravaged by Danes, and Celts, and Norsemen, swarming around the coasts as regularly as the herrings; then came the hated Redshanks, as the Scotch were called; and lastly a crowd of skirmishers fleeing from justice in England, and swindling the simple natives to such an extent that the national character gradually underwent a complete change. It was only natural that they should cherish a wish for revenge, and if that revenge was profitable, so much the better. Robbed for generation after generation, they had grown shrewd, cautious, and suspicious; but living among such wild scenery, with the restless sea ever fretting around their rock-girt coast, it was impossible for them to lose entirely their hardy courage and love of adventure. And for these smuggling offered a splendid outlet, of which they availed themselves eagerly.

It must be admitted, however, that the foregoing reasons—geographical and topographical advantages, high remuneration with little risk, and an adventurous spirit coupled with a wish for revenge—are in themselves insufficient to explain the remarkable phenomenon of a whole nation's abandoning its ordinary pursuits to engage in contraband traffic. What, then, was the other reason? Bearing directly upon a question that is now agitating the British public, the answer is not without importance. It is this—the unsatisfactory condition of the Manx land laws. A brief glance will put the matter beyond dispute.

In 1076, Goddard Crovan, son of Olave the Black of Iceland, conquered the island and divided the southern part between such of his forces as chose to remain with him. This done, he granted "the northern division to the original inhabitants, but upon condition that no man forever should claim any inheritance." The whole island, therefore, became the demesne of the crown. But Sacheverell, writing in 1698, adds: "It is more than probable that Goddard Crovan (notwithstanding his covenant upon his conquest) had given

them some sort of fixed tenure, but upon the reduction of the island by Alexander, king of Scotland, it is likely it fell upon the Scotch bottom, where the grand charter only is fixed, the rest loose and uncertain, by which means the country was laid waste, the soil impoverished, while it was nobody's interest to improve it." In 1417, Sir John Stanley, king and lord of Man, altered all this. "Considering that nothing tends more to the improvement of a country than a just and secure tenure," he appointed "commissioners with instructions to settle the people." This they did by enacting that tenants should have "their names entered in the court rolls after the manner of English copyhold, and the occupancy given them by the delivery of a straw," and also that the lands should in future descend to the next of kin. This was a step in the right direction. "By degrees they came to be reputed customary tenants, and paid only a small gratuity;" buildings grew up in all directions, the lands were better tilled, the people comfortable—a new era had commenced. It was brought to an end by James, seventh Earl of Derby, who had the hardihood to declare that the covenant of Goddard Crovan, made six centuries before, still held good. In fact, he claimed proprietary rights over the whole island. Here was a case for the Statute of Limitations, if ever there was one. In their emergency the foolish Manxmen agreed to a compromise, instead of appealing unto Cæsar as they undoubtedly should have done; they gave up their lands on condition that they should receive them back for three lives, so that their great-grandchildren and subsequent descendants became mere tenants-at-will. Through the unwearying exertions of Bishop Wilson, this monstrous compact was eventually annulled. But in the mean time building ceased, repairs were unheard of, the ground was exhausted as rapidly as possible, and then followed a period of untilled farms, ruined houses, and general desolation. The land was deserted for the sea—Manxmen rushed in a body into smuggling.

Of course they were unable to supply all the capital requisite for carrying on the contraband trade on a scale so extensive that the mere evasion of duty cost the English government three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The value of

these goods must have been several millions at least, quite beyond the purchasing power of the insular purse, and bills of exchange or credit must be reckoned as out of the question. The matter was arranged in a much simpler way; many of the large business firms abroad had duly accredited agents in the island. Thurot, for example, was some time stationed there in the service of a Welsh smuggler. The occupation just suited his daring nature, and it was while thus engaged that he acquired the intimate knowledge of the British shores that proved so serviceable to him afterwards. By a curious coincidence, the naval action between his fleet and Captain Elliot's, in which he met defeat and death at one and the same time, occurred off the west coast of the Isle of Man.

At last the English government awoke to the fact that smuggling could be suppressed only by the purchase of the island. For a long time the Duke—or rather several Dukes—of Athole held out against any arrangement, but eventually he was obliged to give way. In 1765, the Act of Revestment was passed, by which he surrendered some of his rights in return for seventy thousand pounds; and, after many years of haggling, he received in 1829 four hundred and sixteen thousand pounds for the remainder. It was in every way an excellent bargain for the crown. Judged by the statement of the commissioners, the gain in duties alone must have covered the whole amount in less than two years, while the surplus revenue of the island from 1829 until the present time may be estimated at about a million sterling. What, it may be asked, have the English government done in return for this handsome income? Nothing; absolutely nothing, except to pocket the money. And they are not likely to do anything more, unless Manxmen get up a revolution, or something of the sort.

The sale of the island was naturally most odious to the inhabitants, for they were deprived of their occupation without any chance of compensation. They expressed their opinions in a variety of ways. Here is one of them written about the end of the last century:—

The babes unborn will rue the day
That the Isle of Man was sold away,
For there's ne'er an old wife that loves a dram
But what will lament for the Isle of Man.